

PUNCH

COMICS

NO. 13
10¢

HARRY 'A' CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS



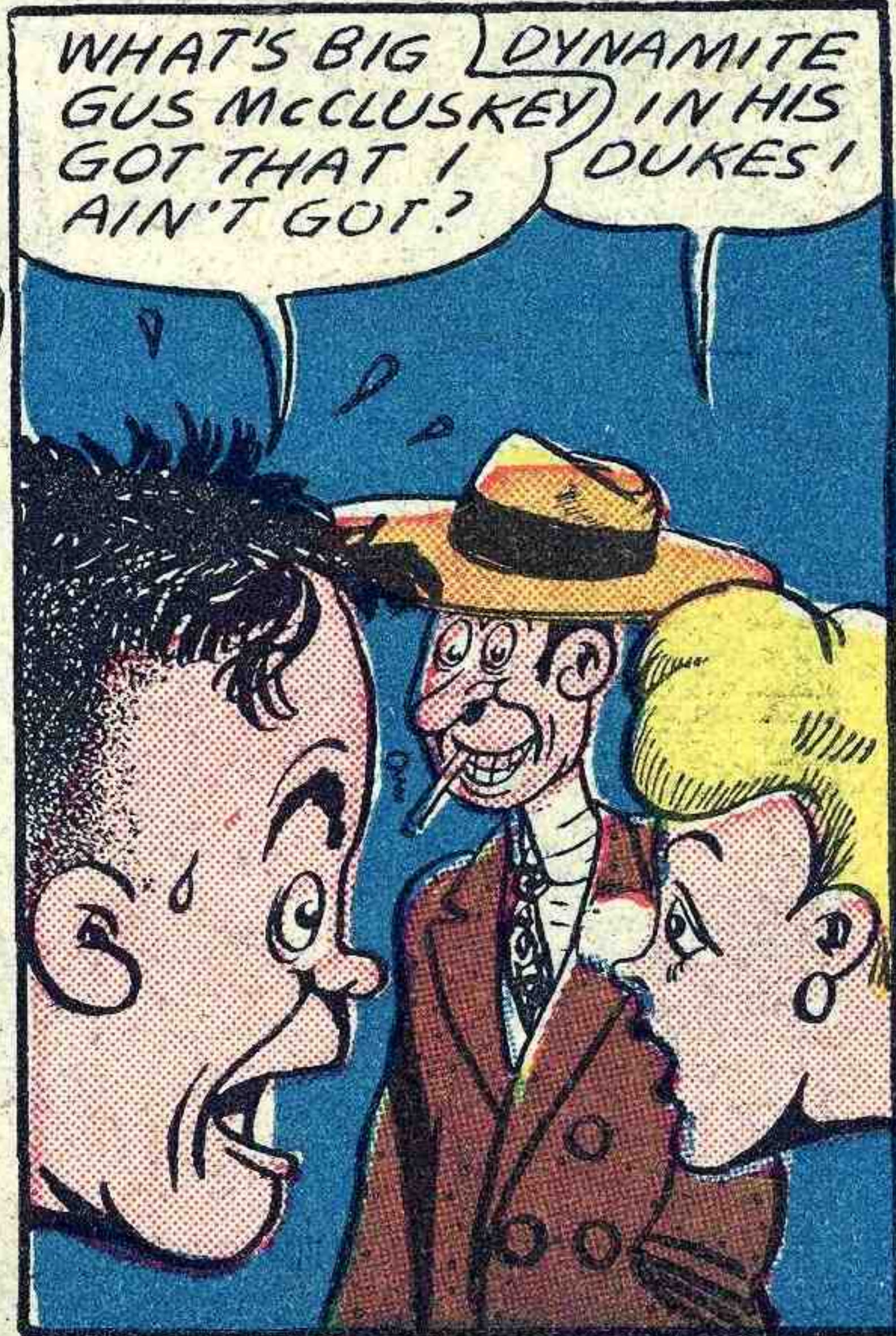
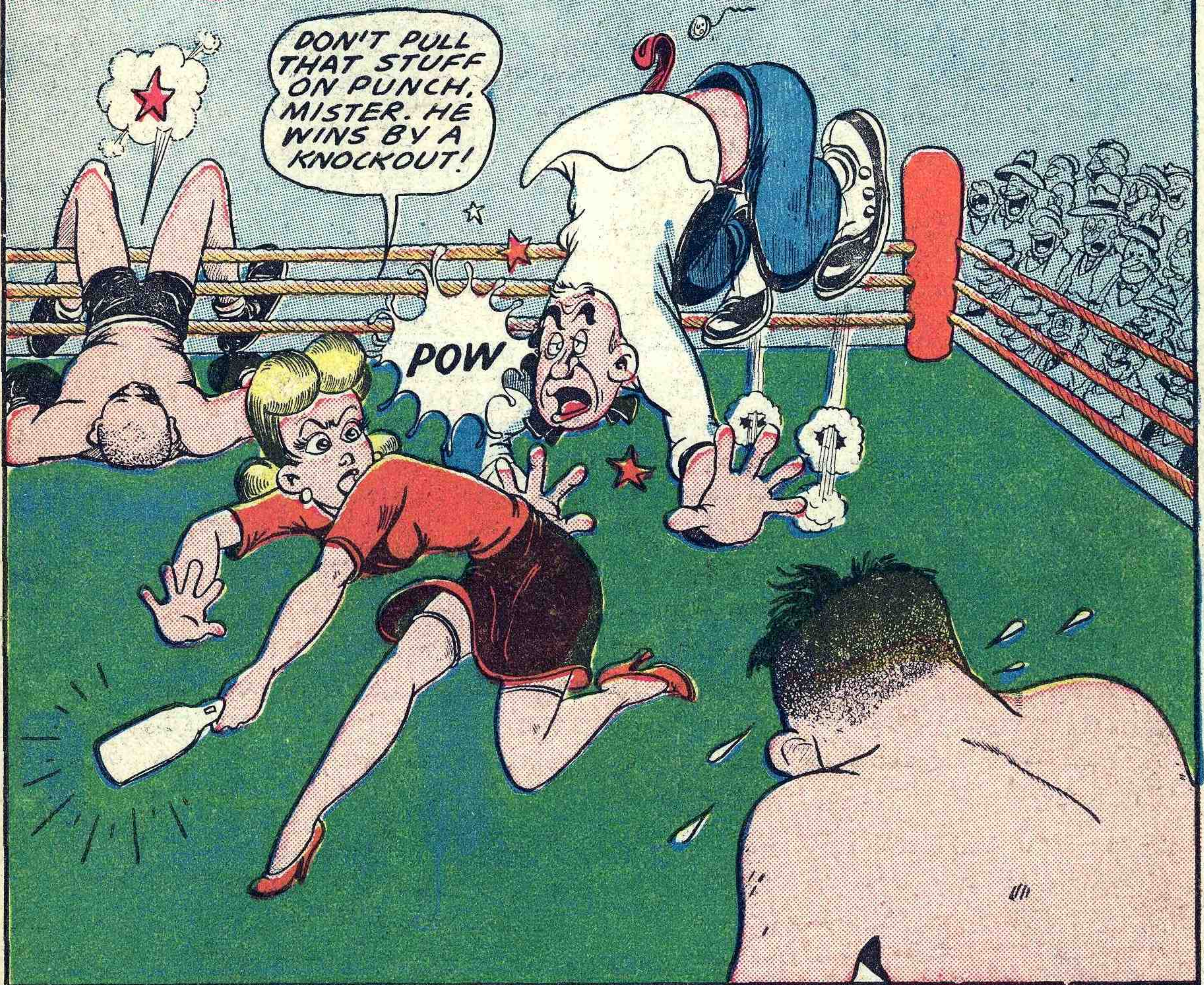
THOSE
WHO HAVE
DEFIED
THE
SKELETON

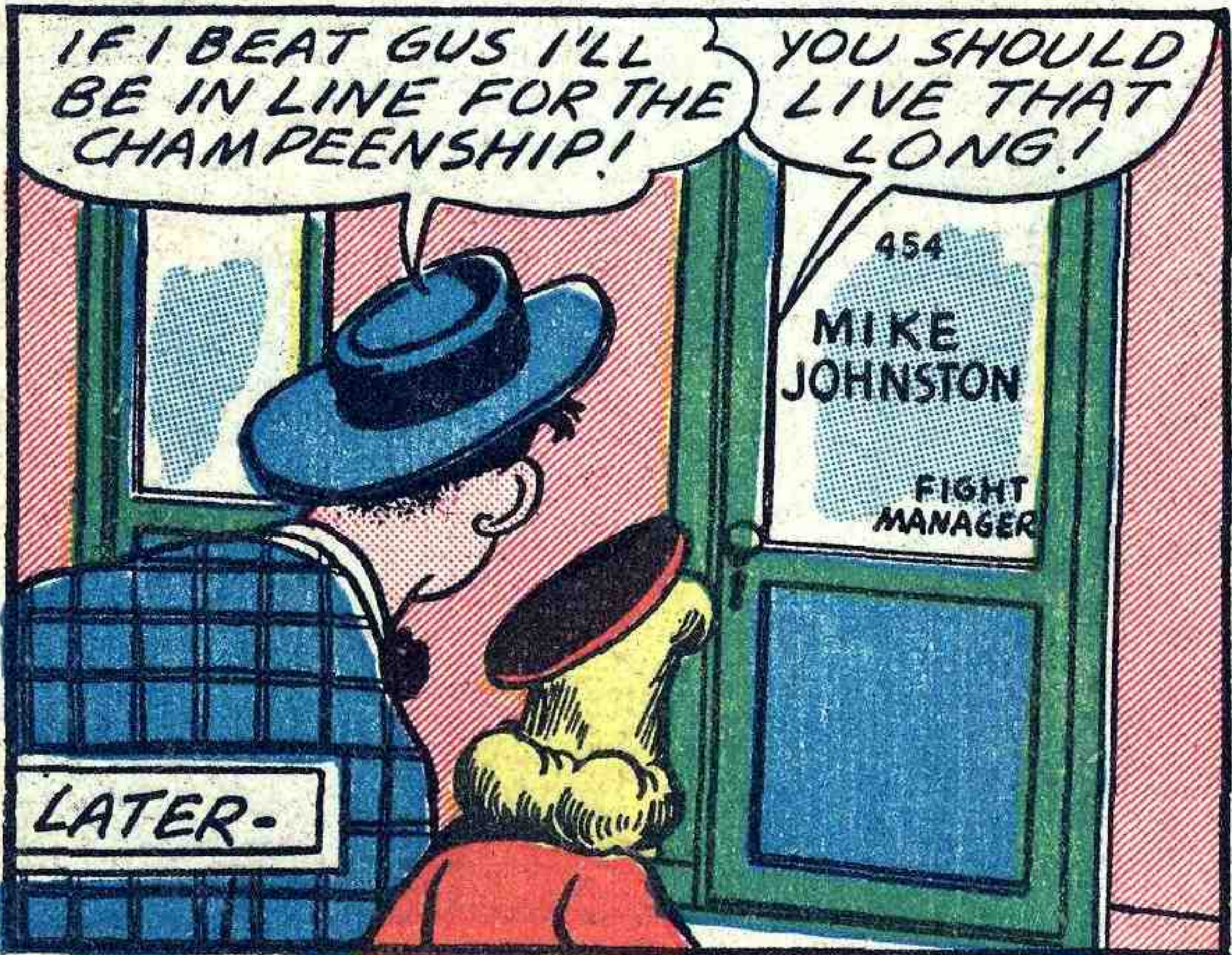
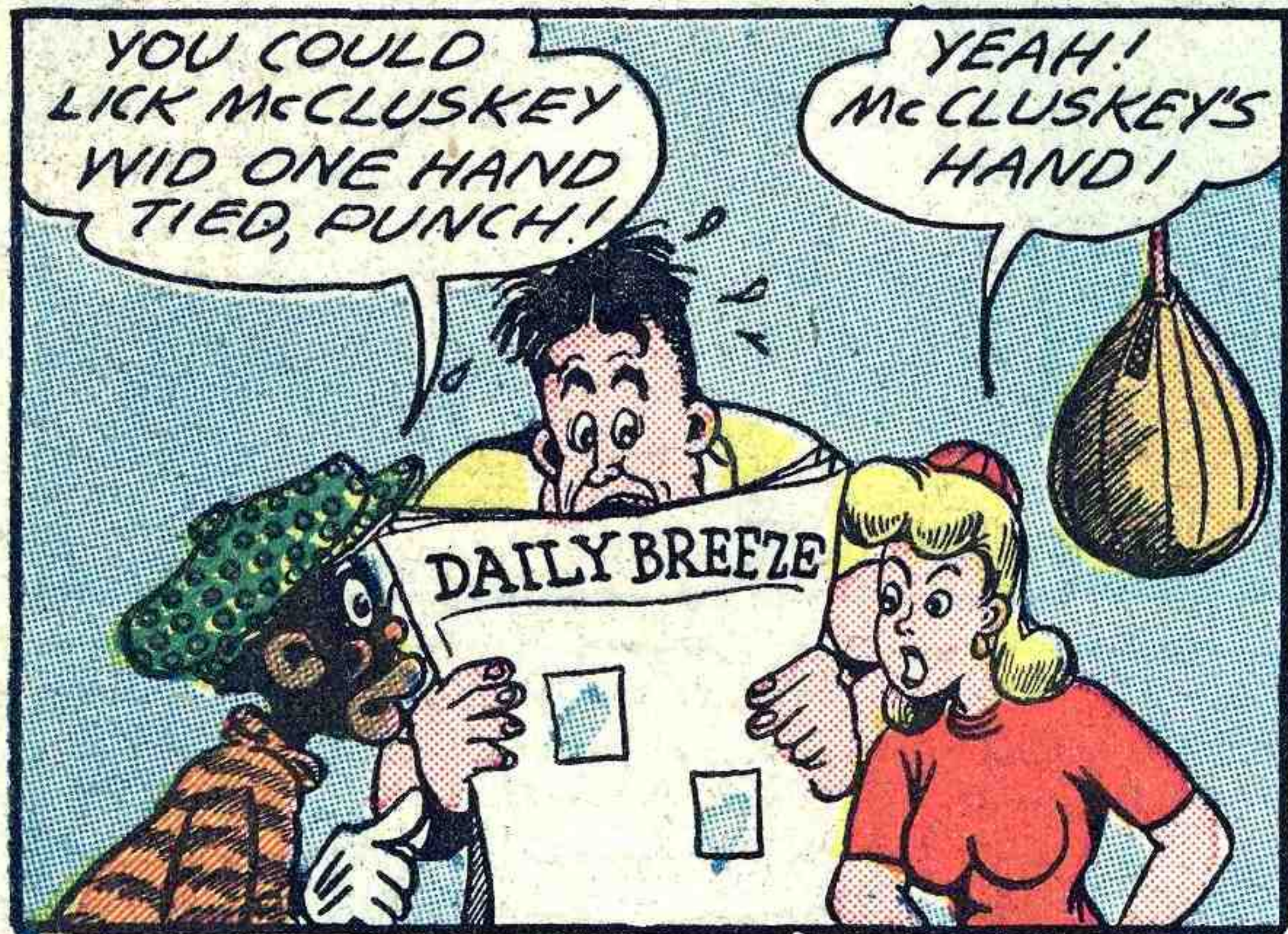
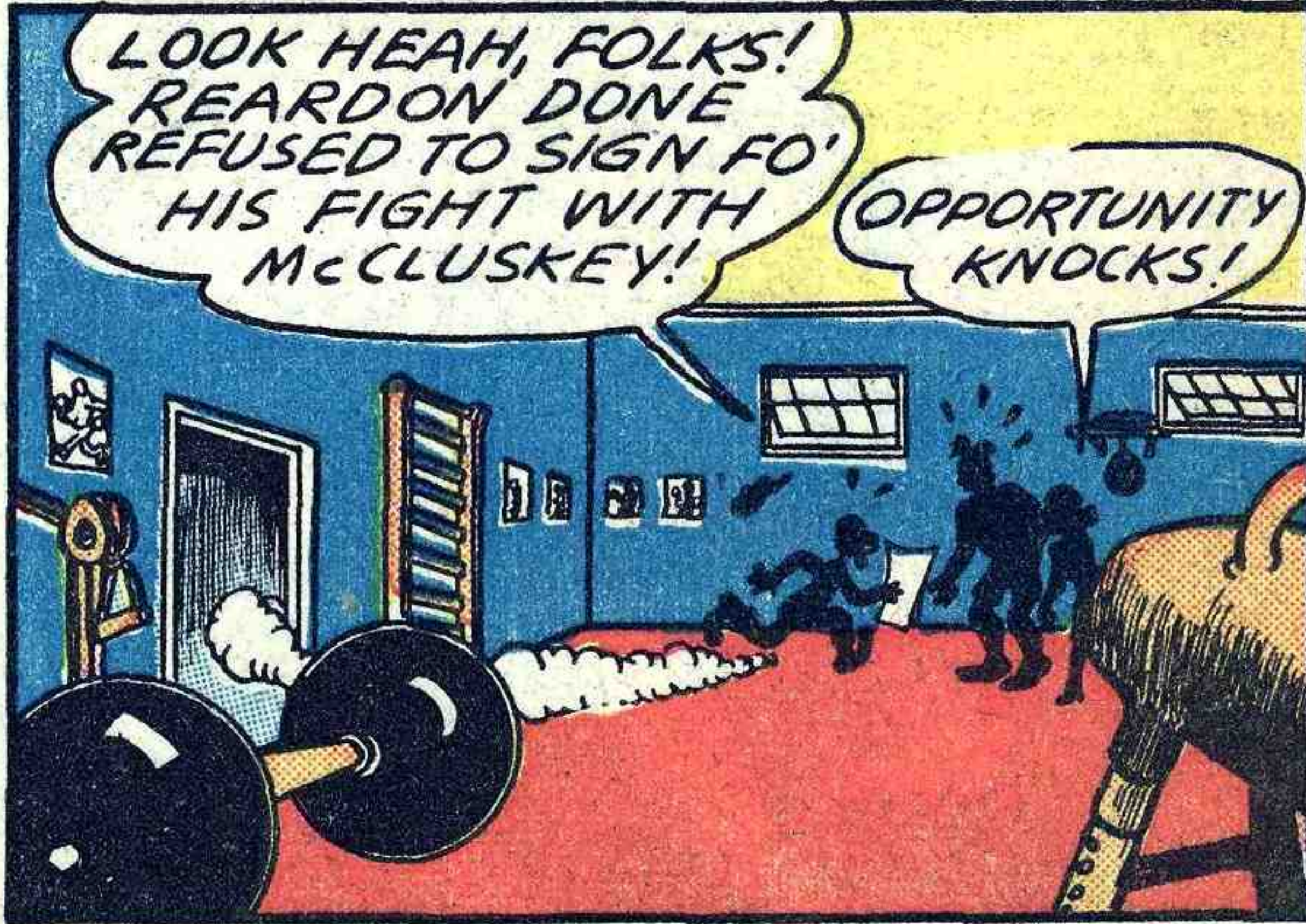
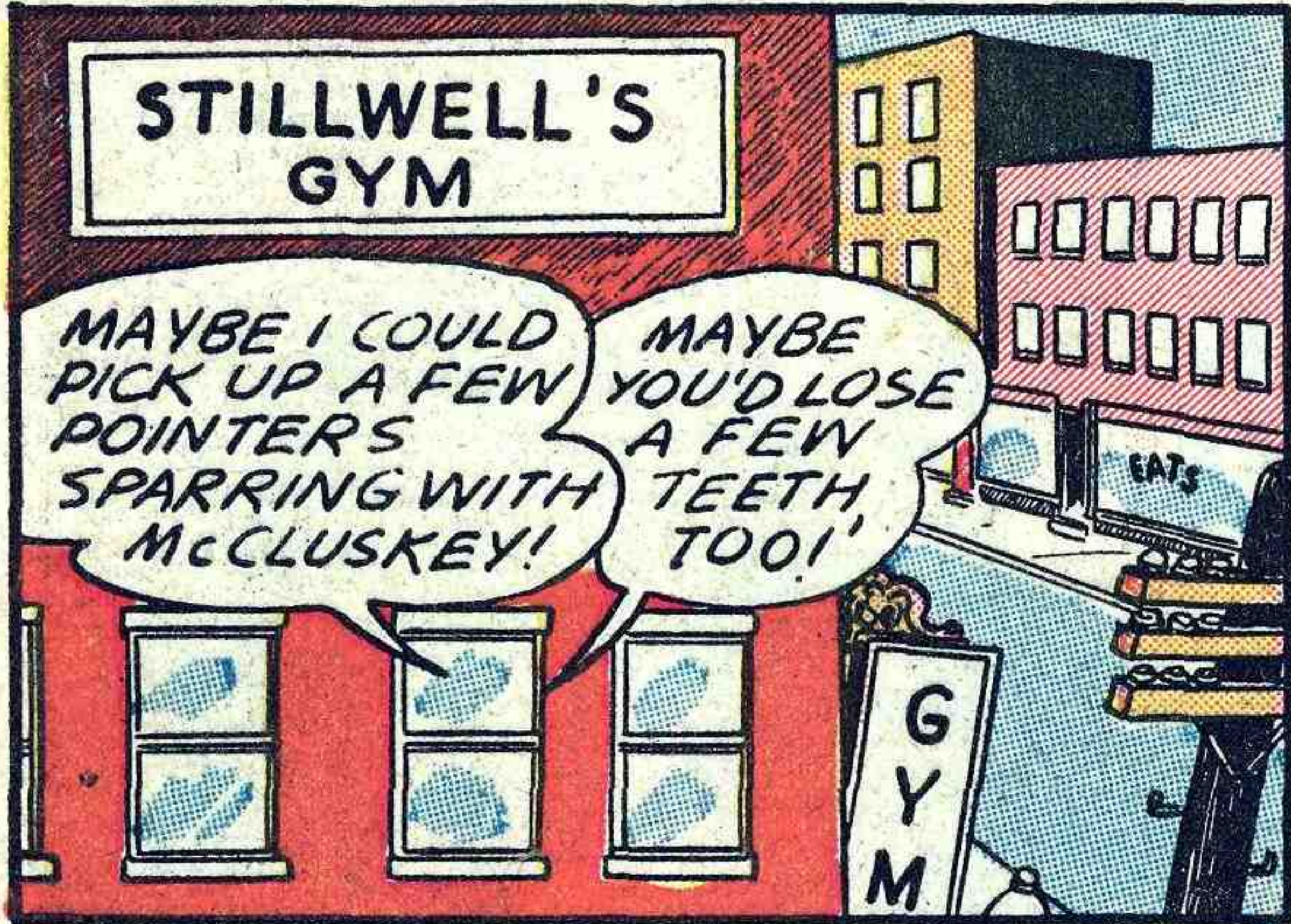
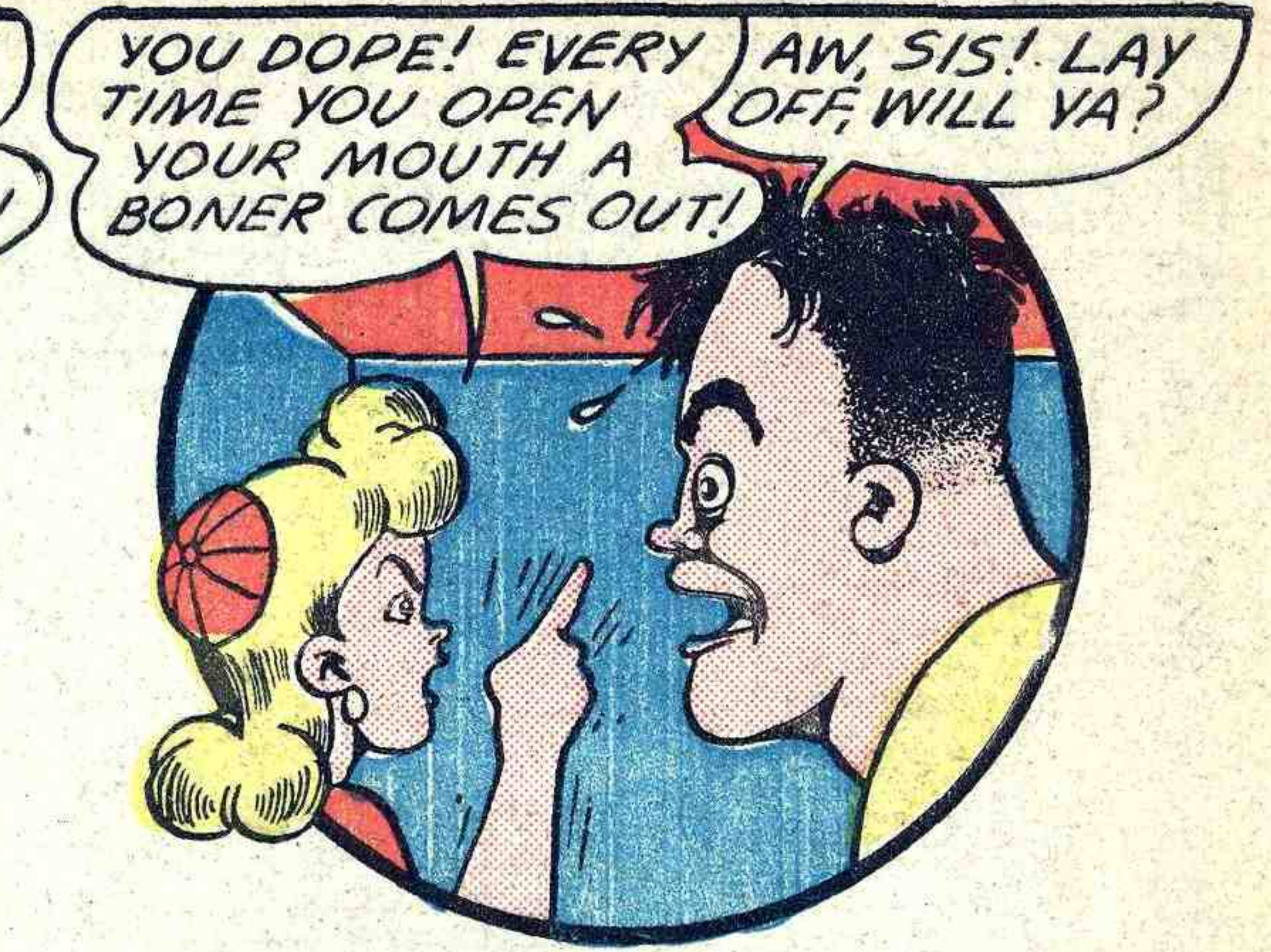
1. G. TUSKA
2. GUS RICCA
3. G. EPPERS
4. FRANK SMITH
5. ?



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

PUNCH & CUTEY







REFUSE THE CHALLENGE, HUH? WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE BOXING COMMISSION!

OKAY, OKAY! PUNCH CAN SIGN THE PAPERS!



DAT'S GONNA BE YOUR DEATH CERTIFICATE! I'LL MOIDER YUH BEFORE THE FIFTH ROUND!

YUH WOULDN'T BE KIDDIN' WOULD YUH, GUS?



YOU THINK HE MEANT IT, CUTEY?

SURE, BUT YOUR CUTOFF THE GATE WILL COVER THE FUNERAL COSTS!



THAT GIVES ME A BRAINSTORM. GUS IS A VERY SUPERSTITIOUS GUY, I'VE HEARD!

LINE UP MY TRAINING SCHEDULE, CUTEY! I'VE GOT SOME SHOPPING TO DO!



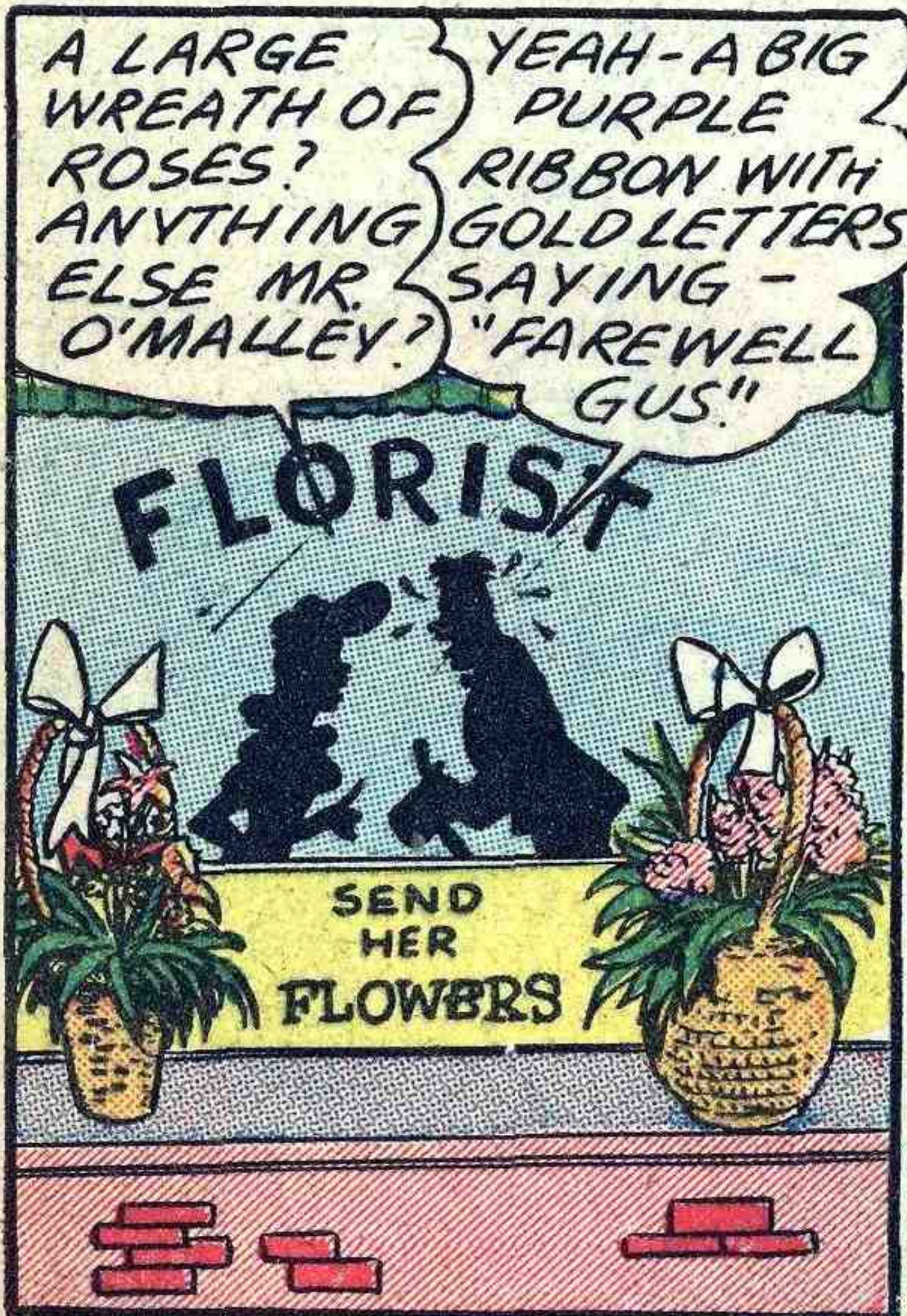
MAY I HELP YOU, SIR?

YEAH, BUD. I'D LIKE TO PICK OUT A COFFIN!



THIS IS OUR MOST POPULAR MODEL - IT'S GUARANTEED FOR A LIFE, ADDRESS TIME! SEND IT C.O.D.

SOLD! HERE'S THE NAME AND ADDRESS.



A LARGE WREATH OF PURPLE ROSES? RIBBON WITH GOLD LETTERS ELSE MR. SAYING - O'MALLEY? "FAREWELL GUS!"



HIVA, DAISY. I MIMAGE MEETING YOU OUTSIDE A FLOWER SHOP!

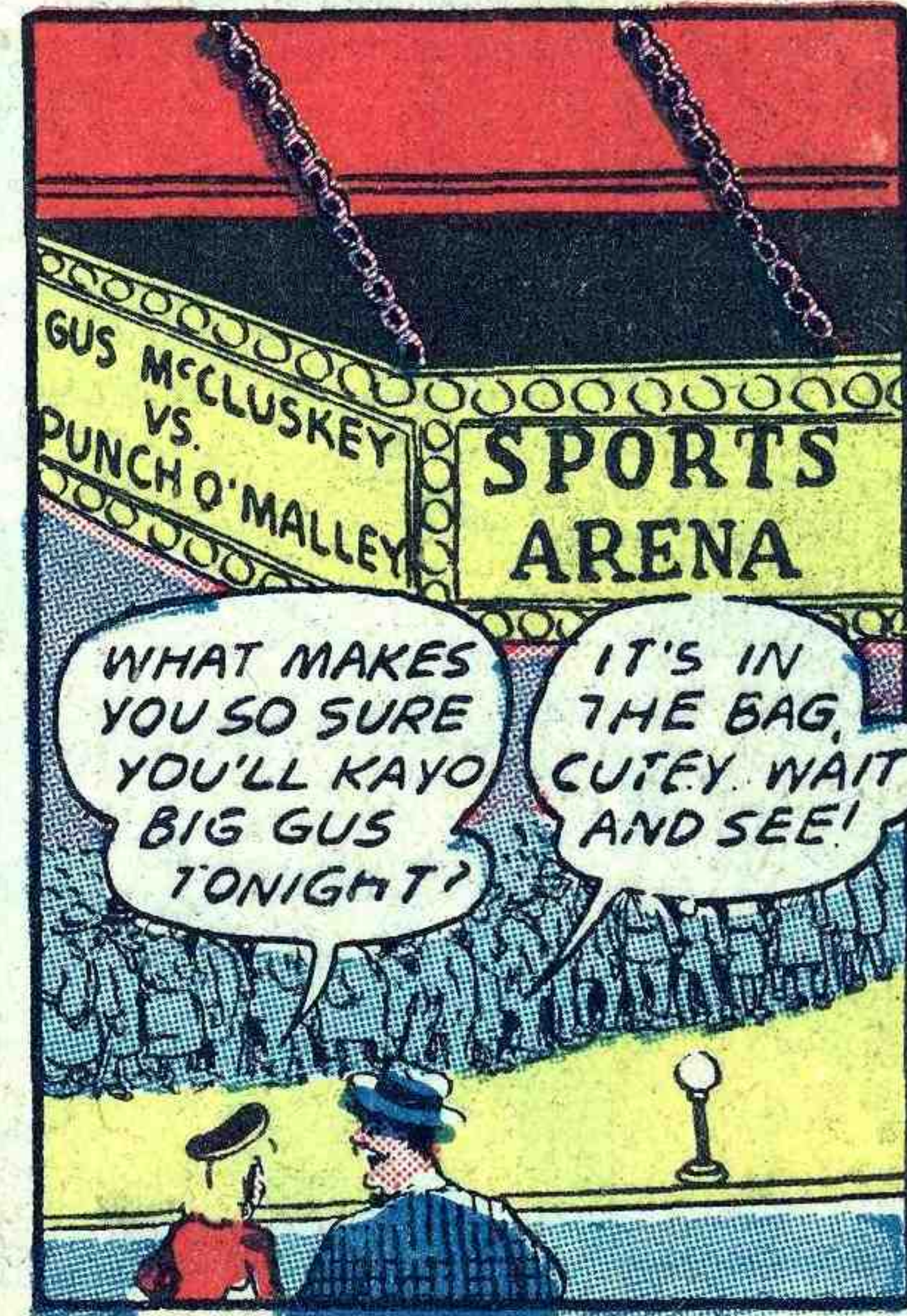
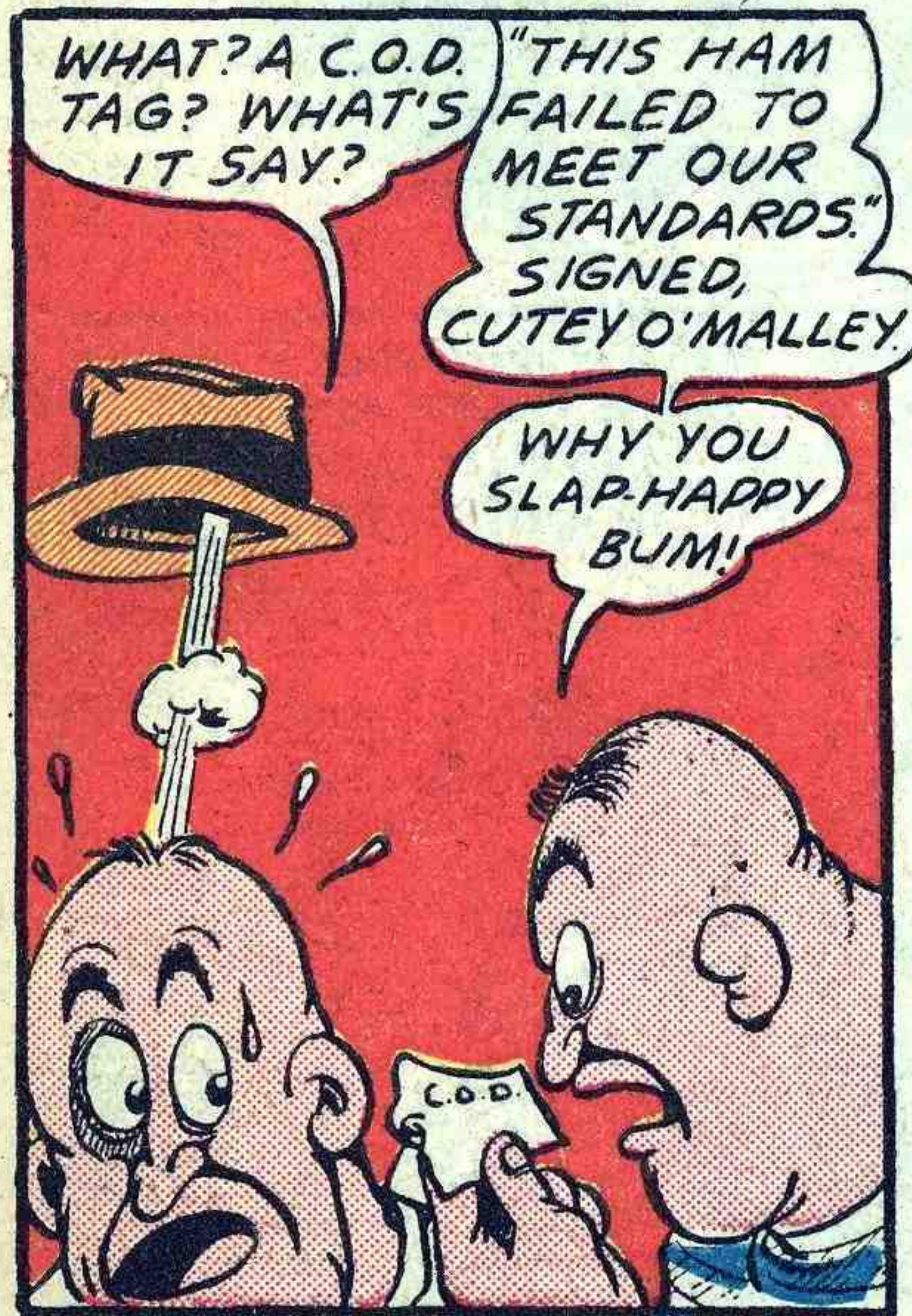
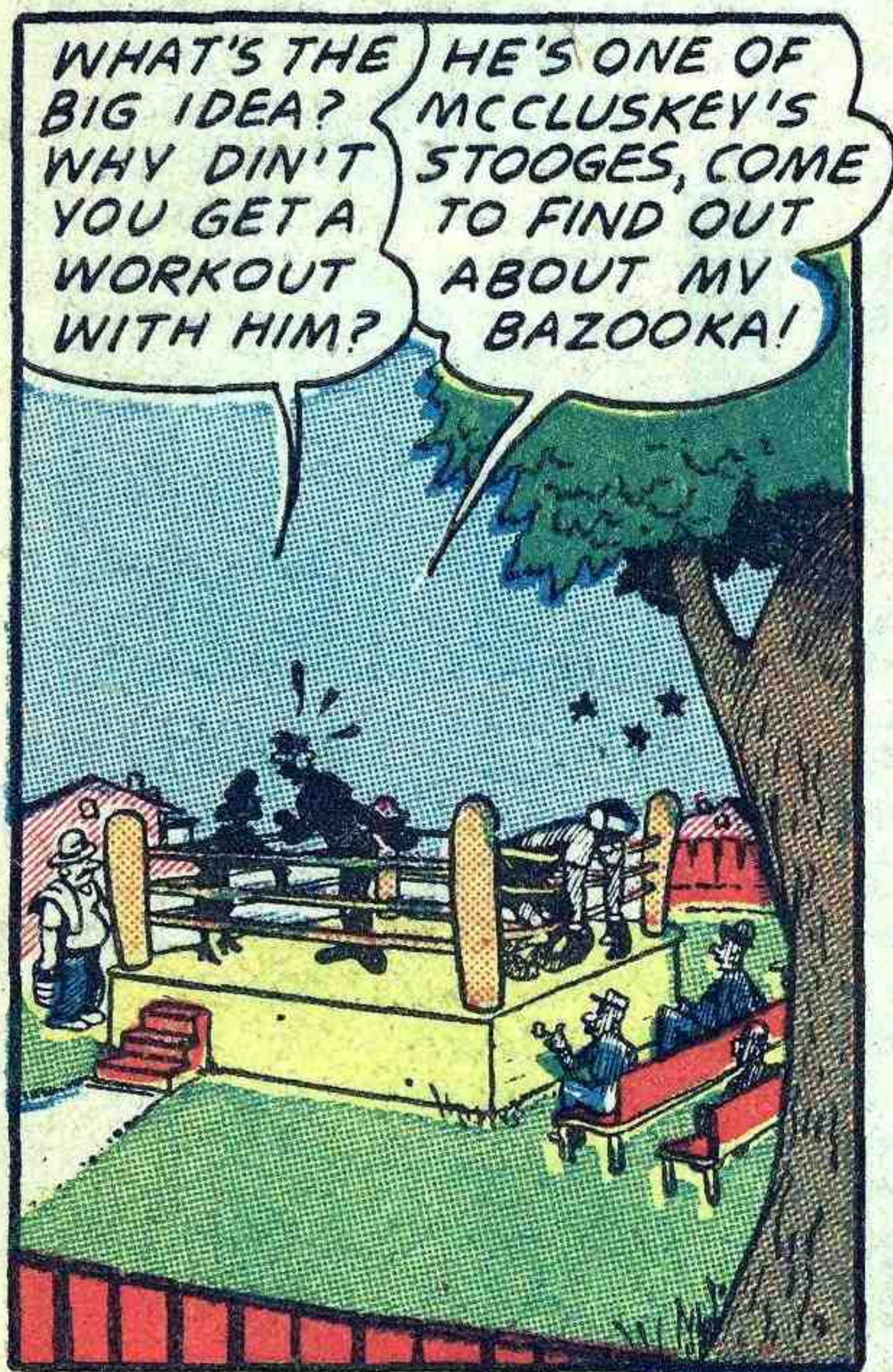
PUNCH O'MALLEY! I HEAR YOU'RE GONNA WALTZ TEN ROUNDS WITH MCCLUSKEY!

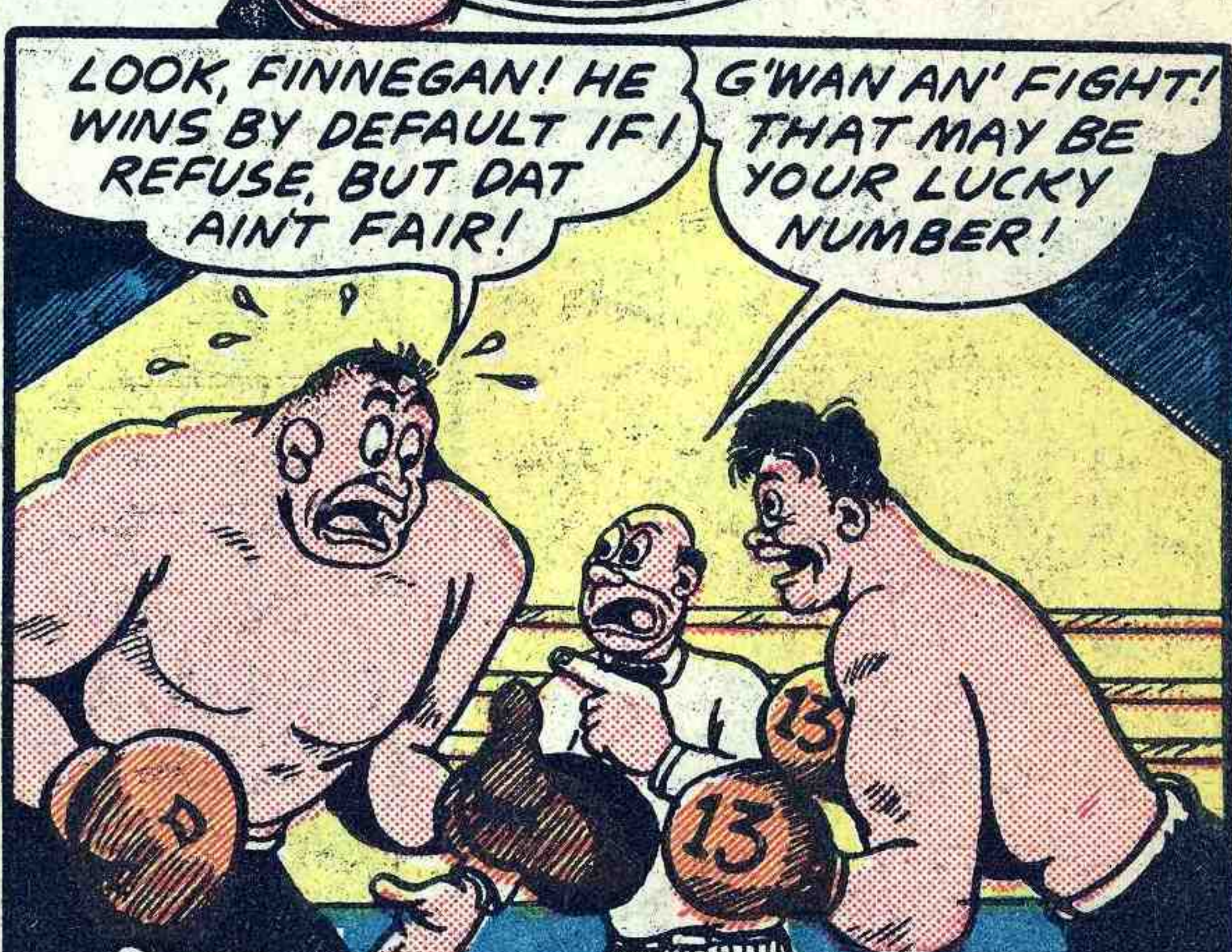
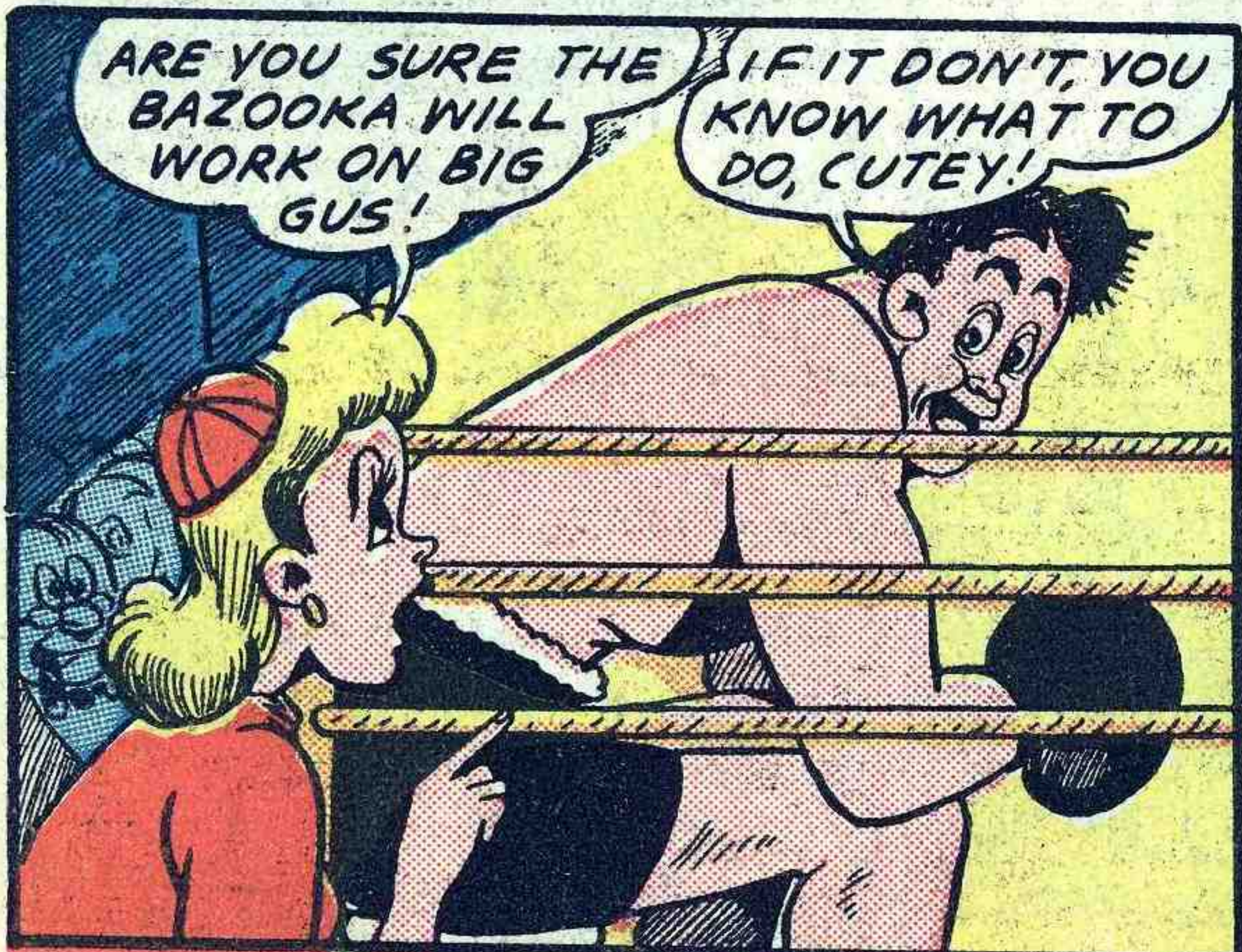
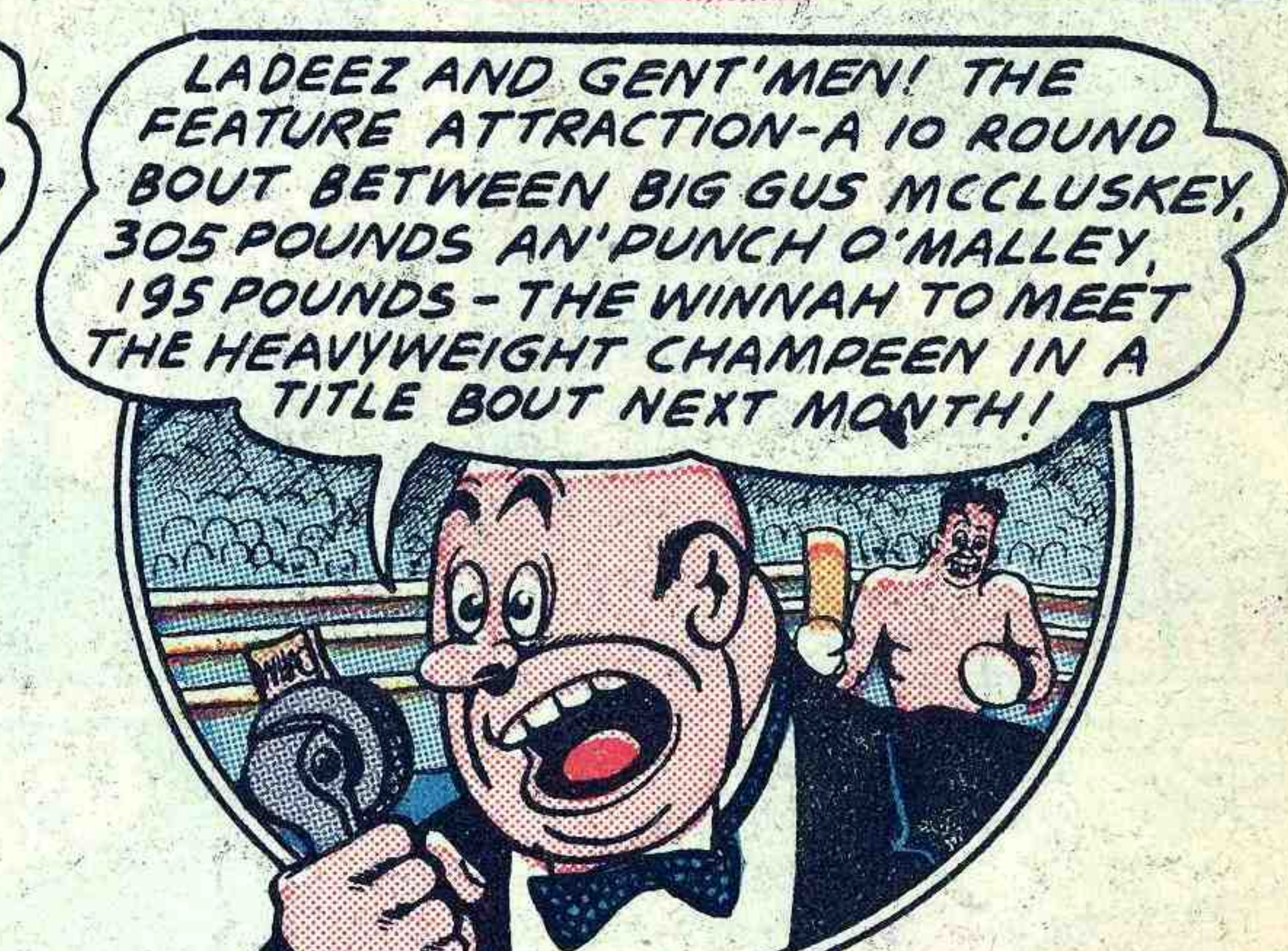
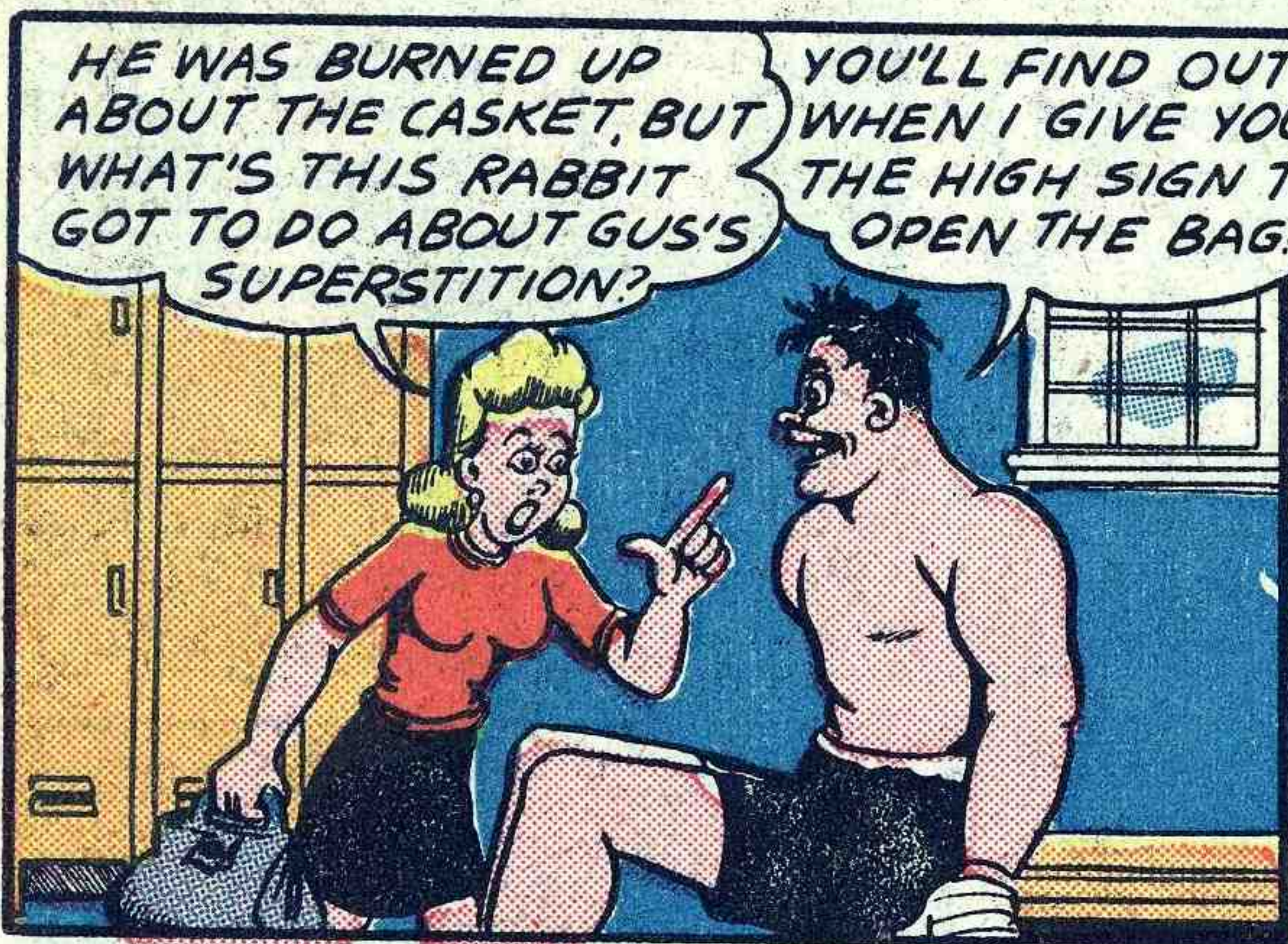
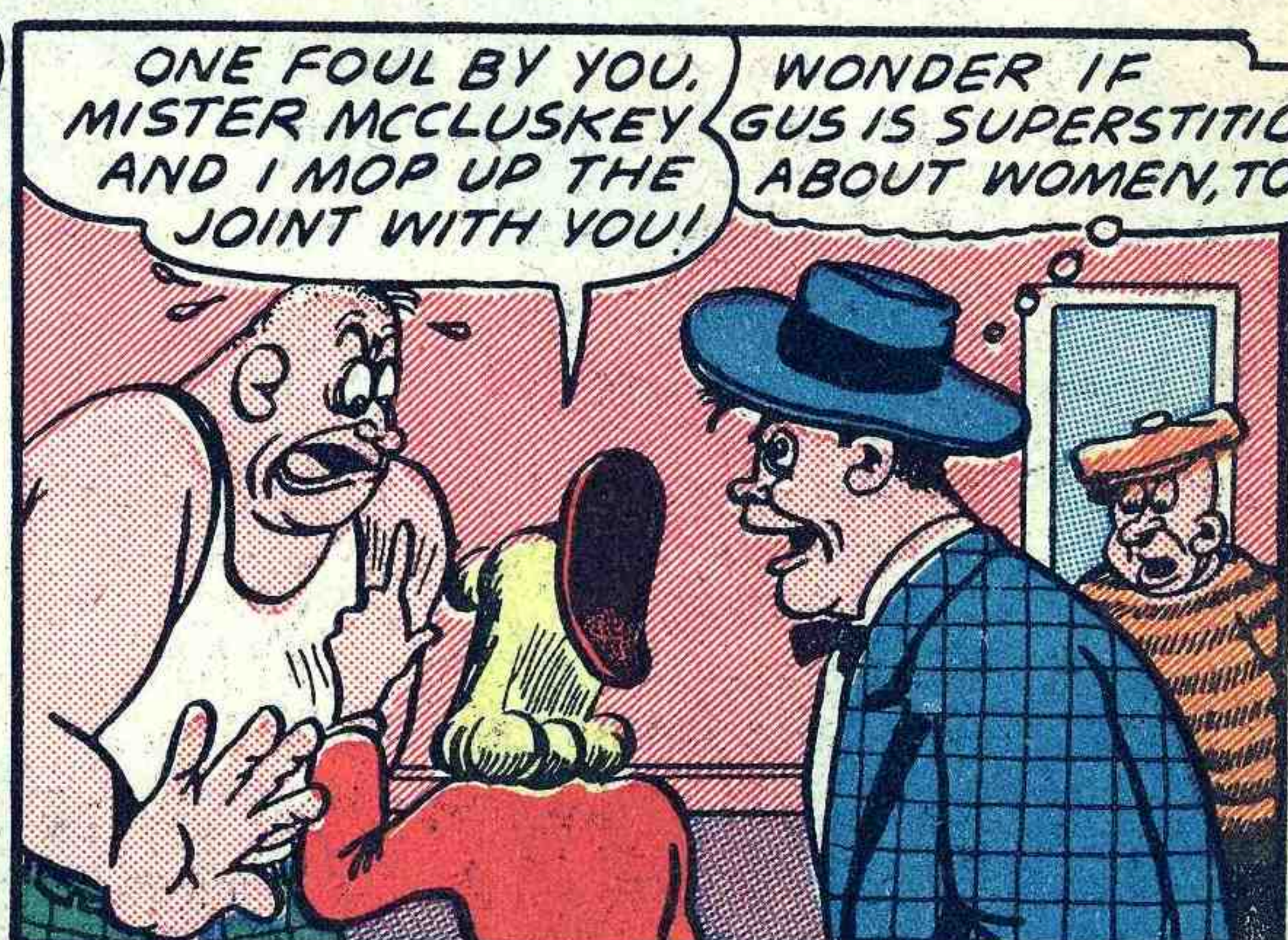


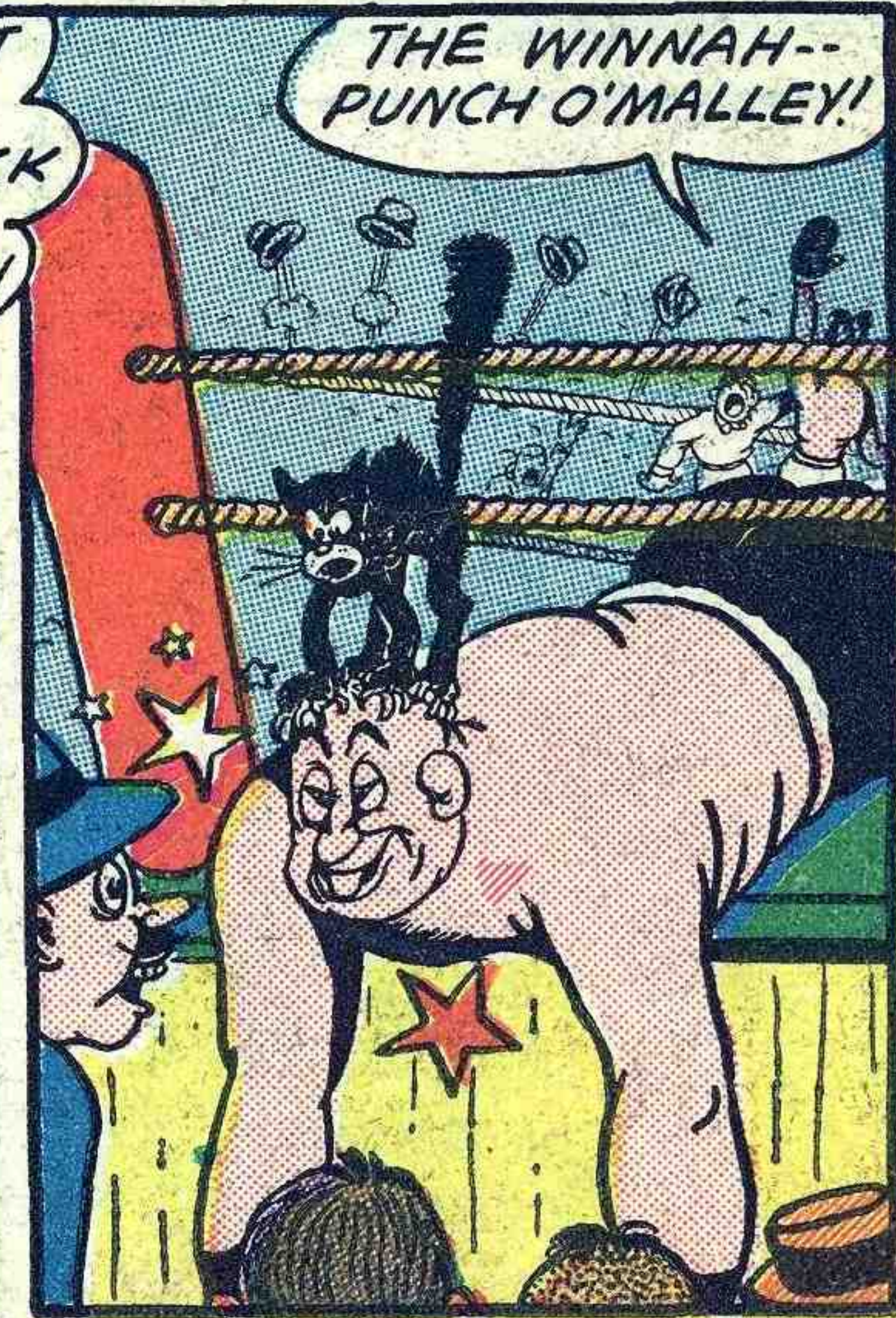
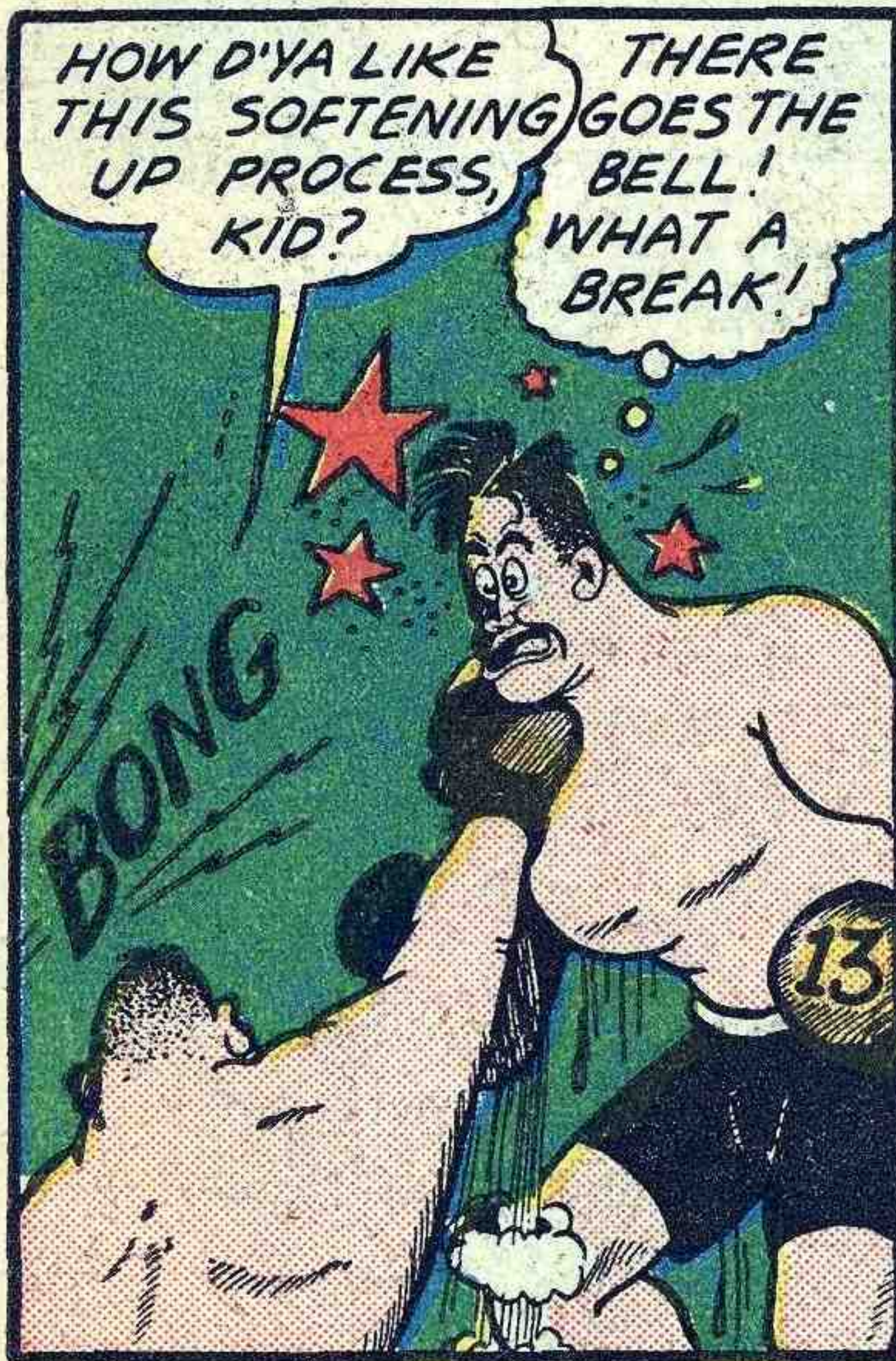
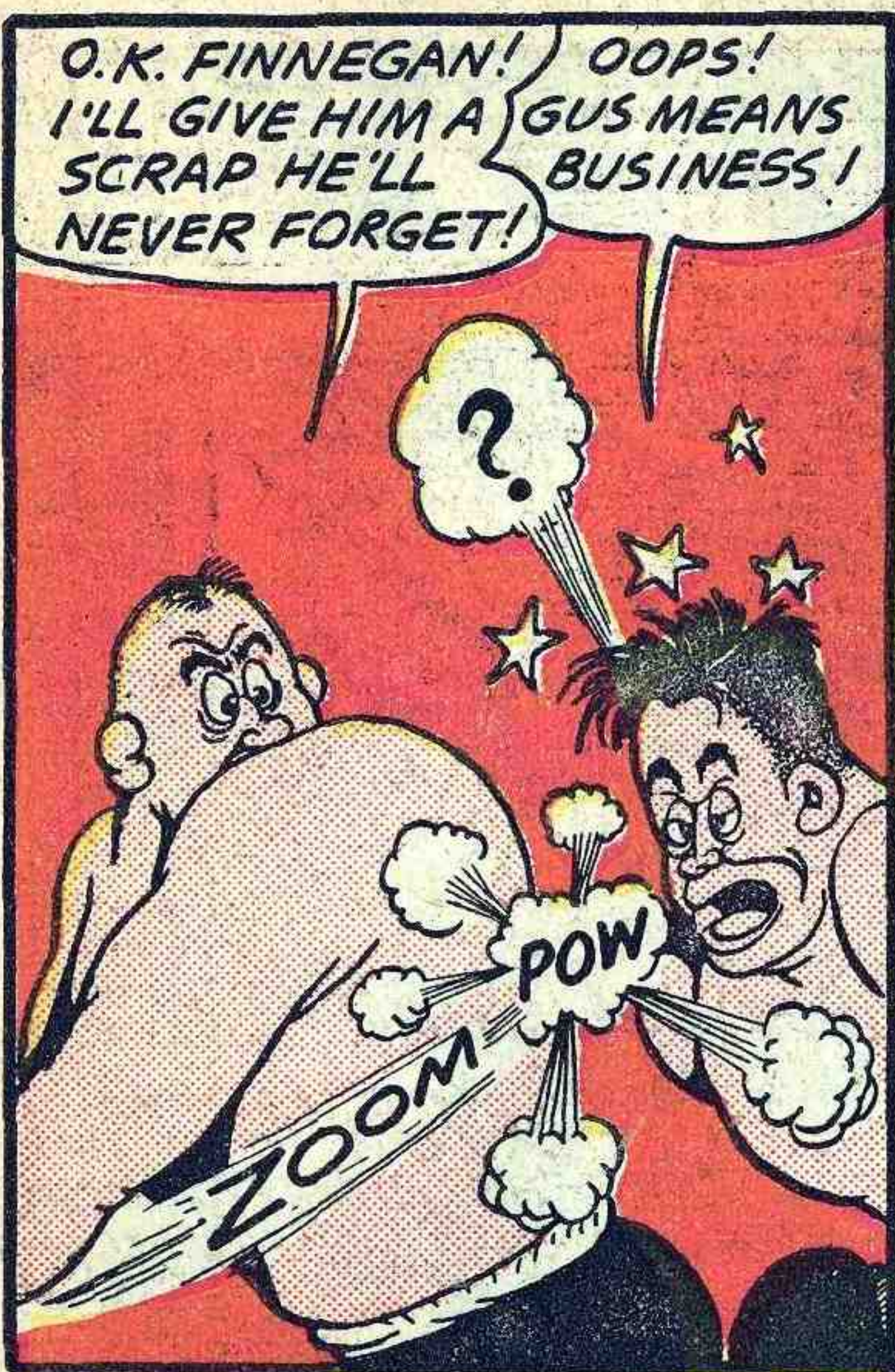
YOU BET, KID! BUT GUS I'M IN THE BIG TIME BRACKET, NOW!

IS TERRIFIC. HOW CAN YOU STOP HIM?

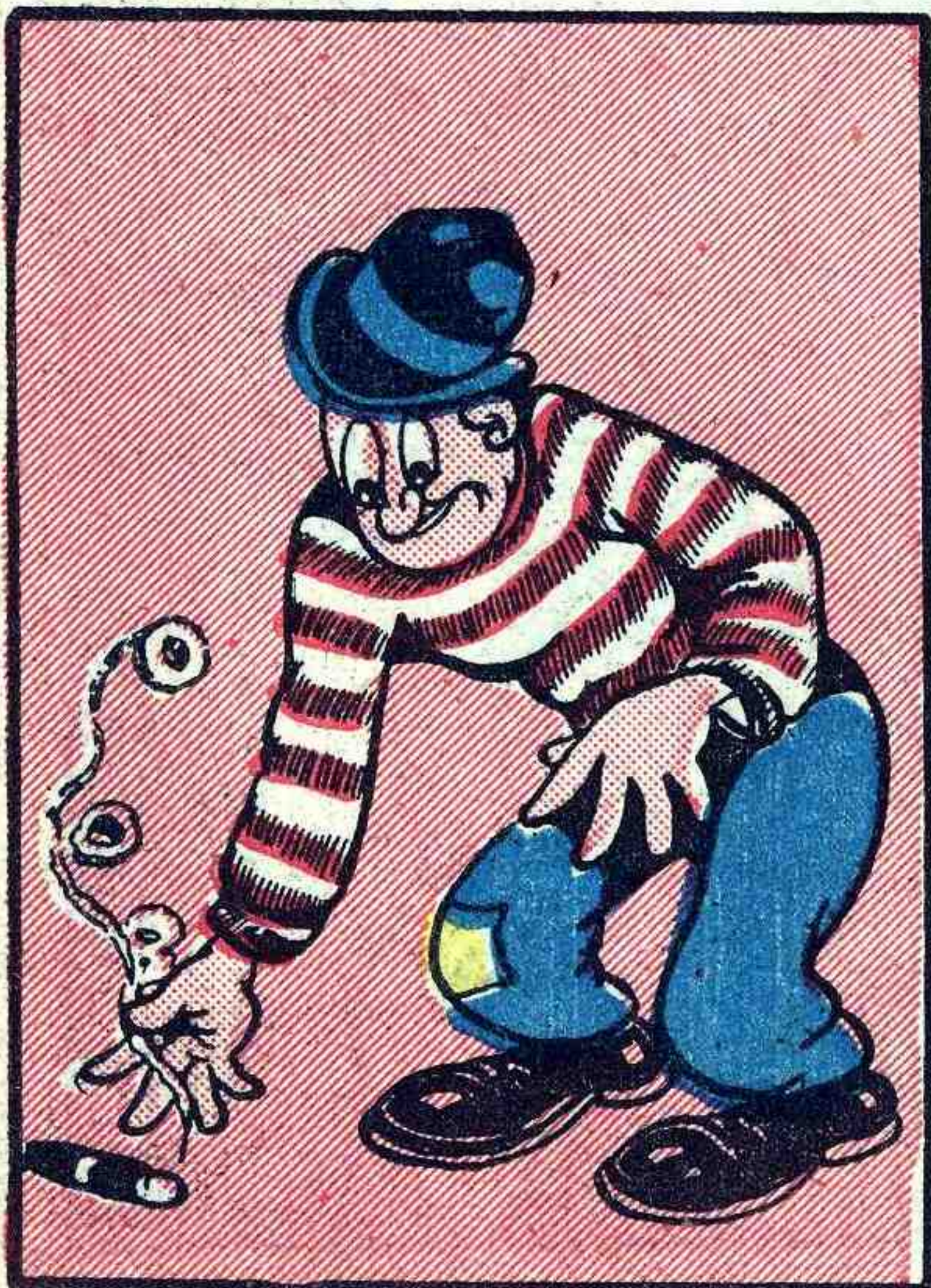
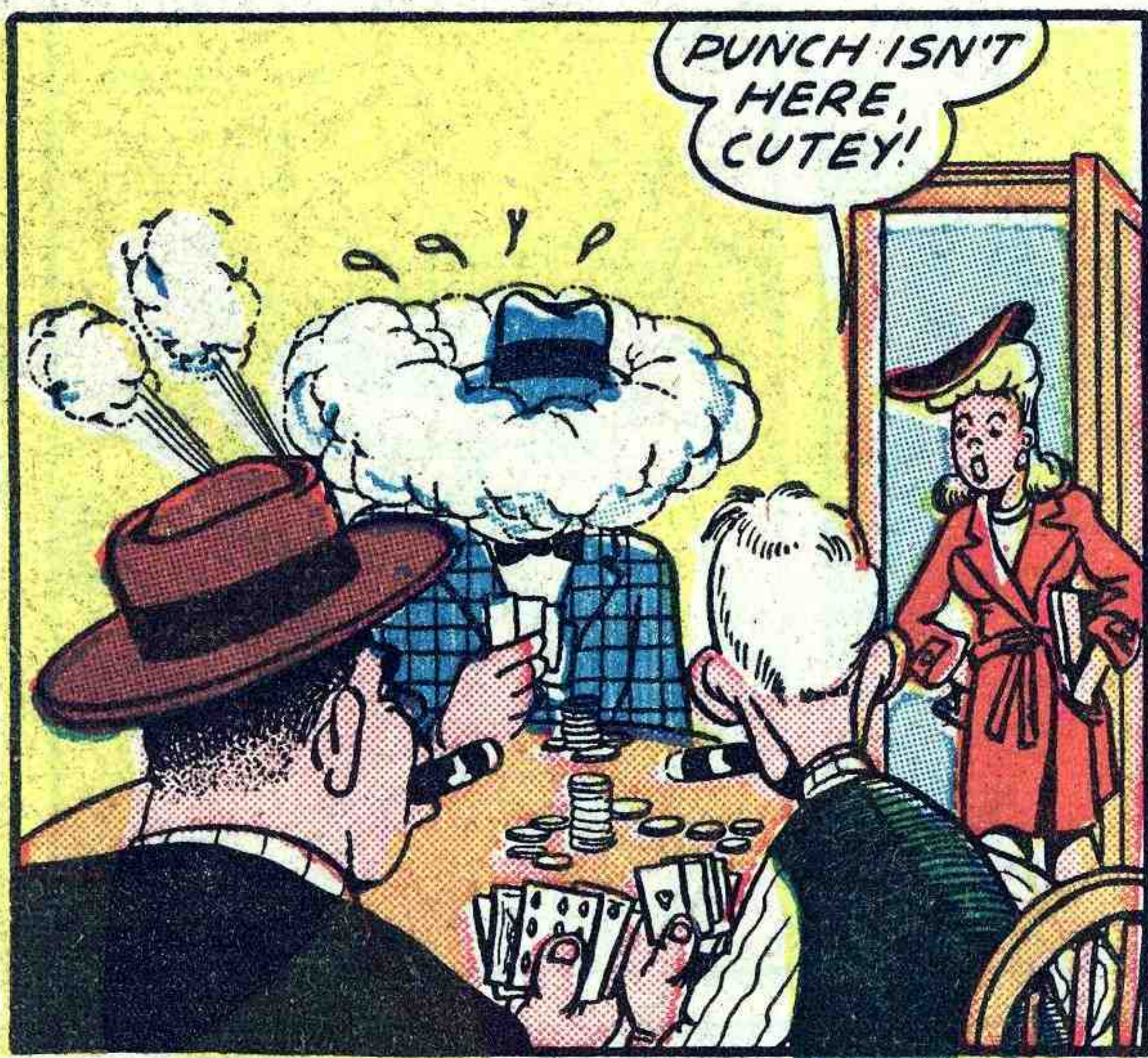
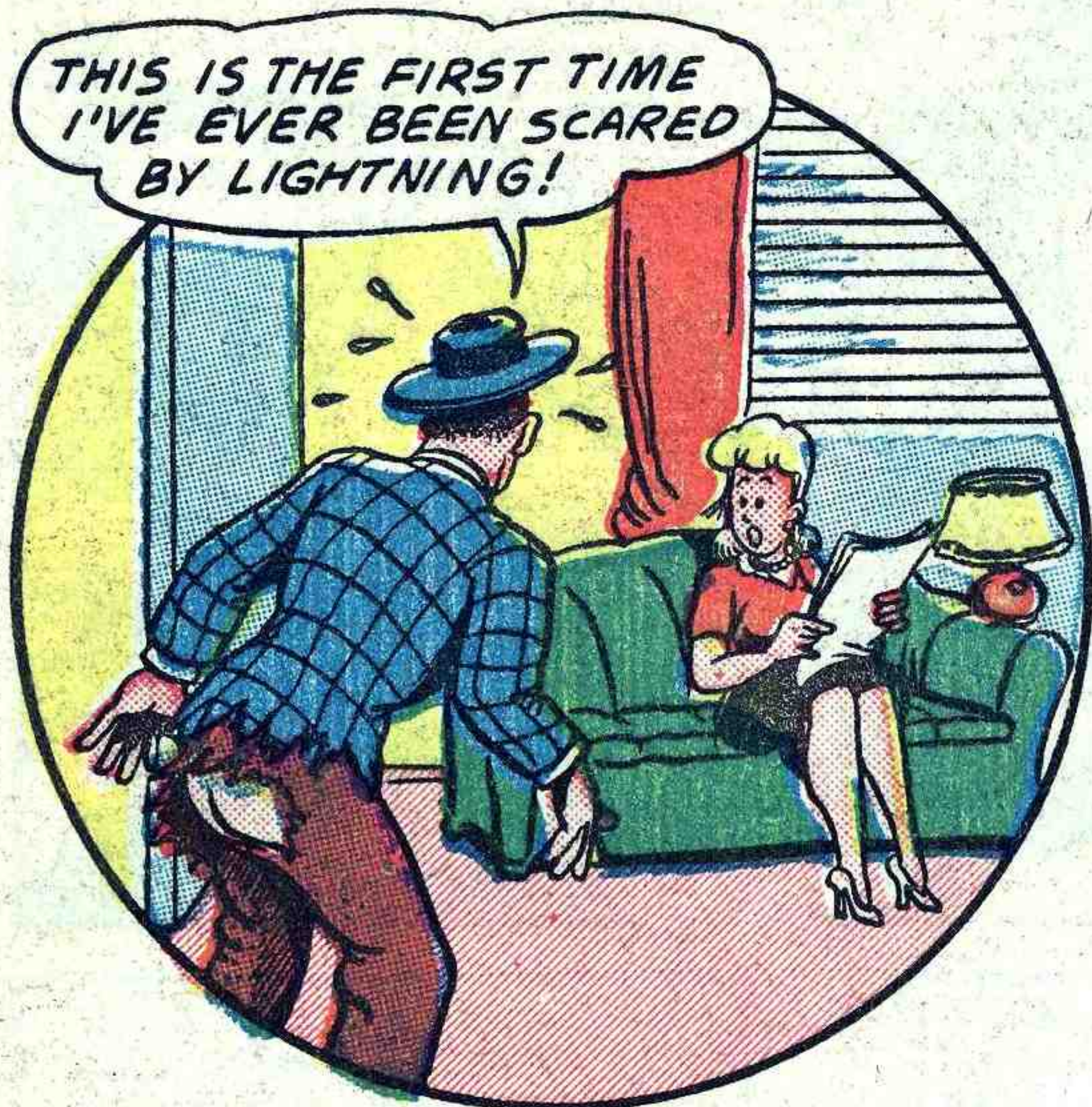






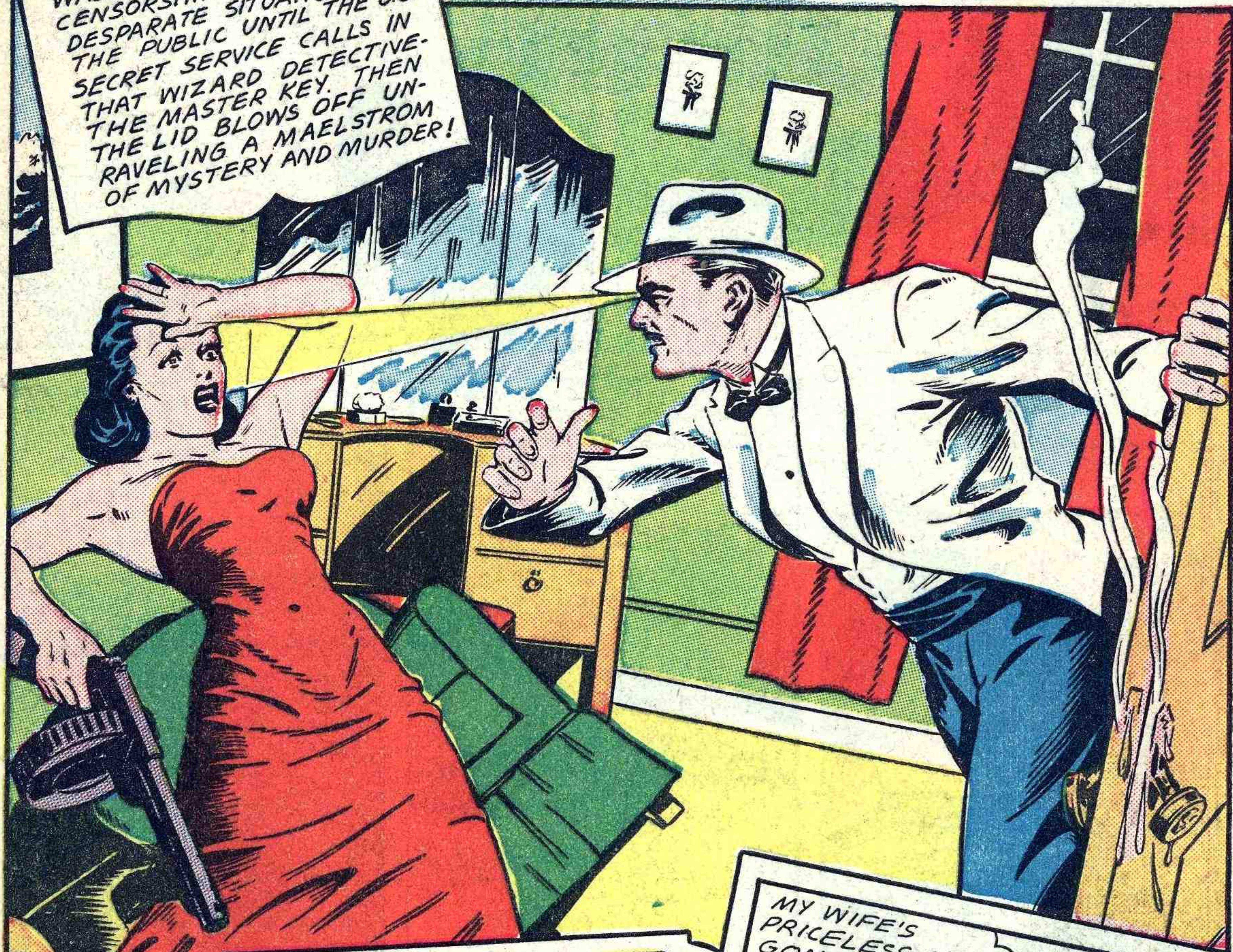


PUNCH & CUTEY



MASTER KEY

A SINISTER SCANDAL
THREATENS TO THROW
AMERICA'S DIPLOMATIC
RELATIONS INTO MAD
CHAOS! DOUBLE GUARDS
ARE THROWN AROUND
FOREIGN EMBASSIES IN
WASHINGTON! STRICT
CENSORSHIP KEEPS THE
DESPERATE SITUATION FROM
THE PUBLIC UNTIL THE U.S.
SECRET SERVICE CALLS IN
THAT WIZARD DETECTIVE-
THE MASTER KEY. THEN
THE LID BLOWS OFF UN-
RAVELING A MAELSTROM
OF MYSTERY AND MURDER!

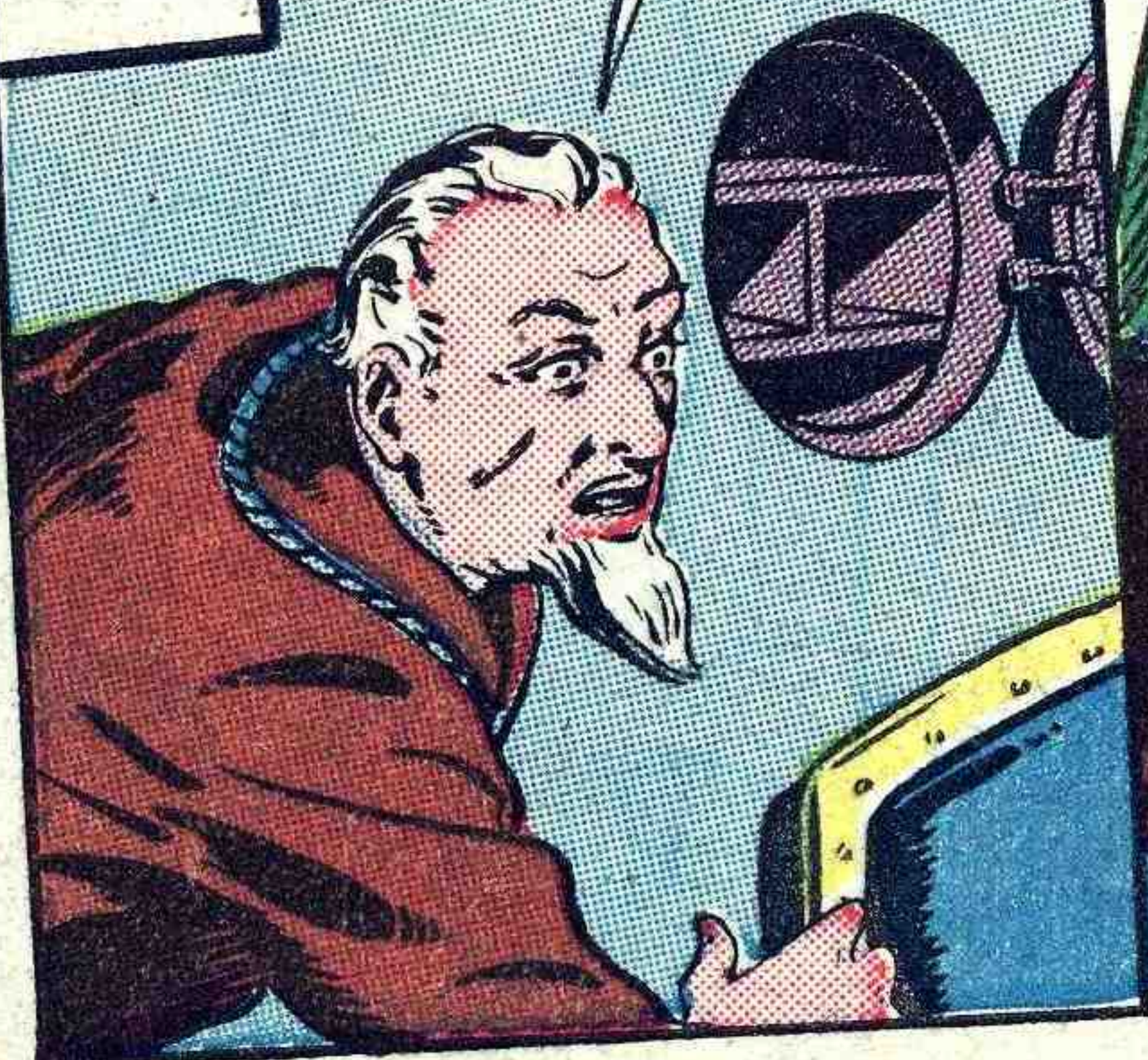


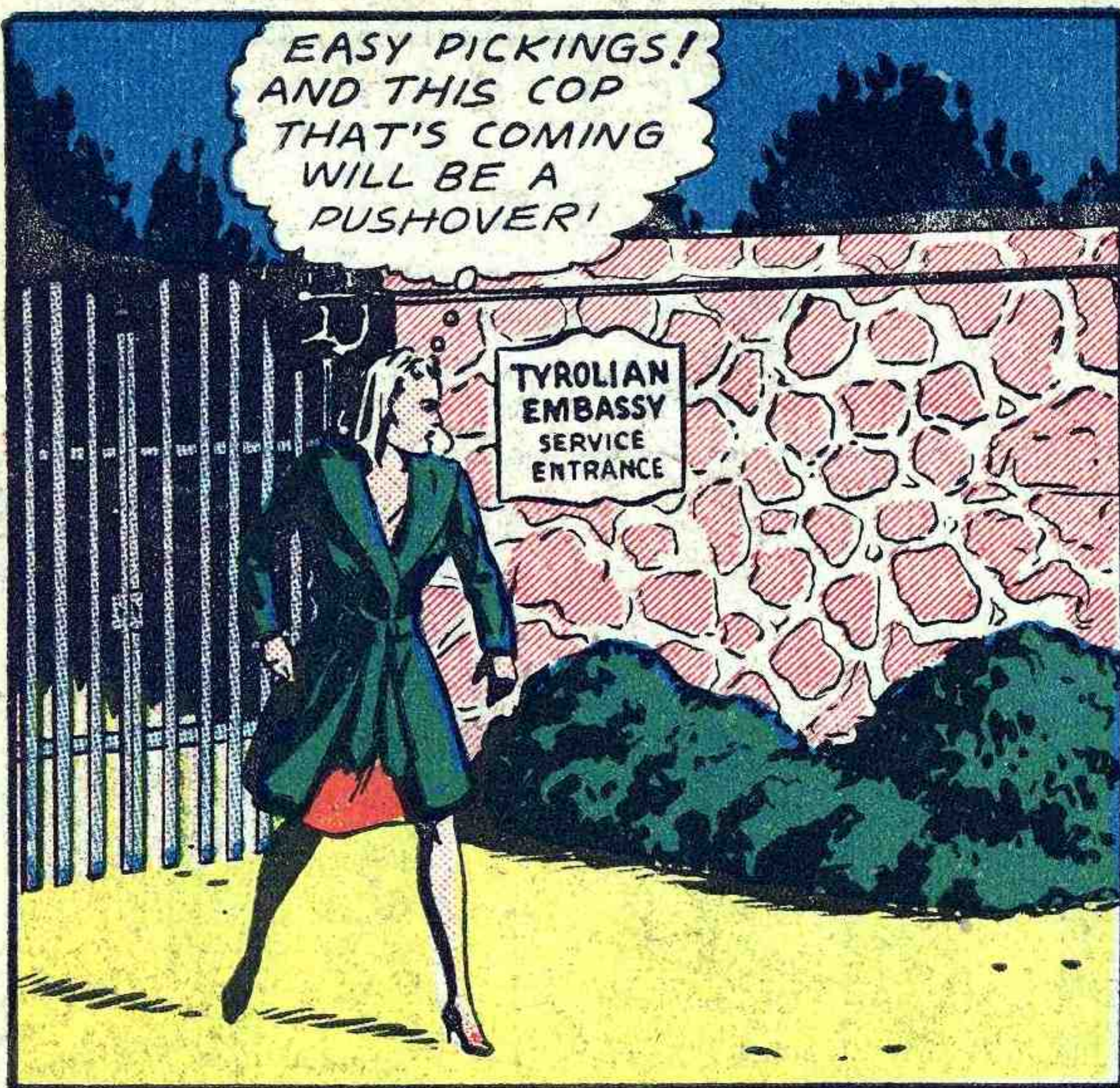
TWO A.M. AT THE TYROLIAN
EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON...

ANDRE! THE SAFE
HAS BEEN LOOTED!
COME AT ONCE!

MY WIFE'S
PRICELESS GEMS-
GONE! THE SAFE
WAS NOT CRACKED
OPEN, YET I
ALONE KNEW
ITS COMBINATION!

AMAZING!
I THINK I
SHOULD CALL
IN THE F.B.I.,
YOUR
EXCELLENCY.





EASY PICKINGS!
AND THIS COP
THAT'S COMING
WILL BE A
PUSHOVER!

TYROLIAN
EMBASSY
SERVICE
ENTRANCE



WHY I'M JUST
OUT FOR MY
EVENING STROLL,
OFFICER

YEAH? LET'S YOU AND
ME STROLL OVER TO
THE STATION. I'VE
SEEN YOUR PHOTO IN
THE ROGUES GALLERY,
MIAMI MAE!



I CARRY THIS NOVELTY
GUN FOR GUYS LIKE
YOU WHO NEED TO
FORGET ABOUT ME
FOR A LONG TIME!



IF THAT KILLED HIM,
THE MOUSE WILL
DEMAND A LARGER
CUT OF THE LOOT
I'D BETTER LAY
LOW FOR A FEW
DAYS!



THE KILLER IS SUDDENLY
AROUSED BEFORE DAWN.

I TOLD THE MOUSE
NOT TO PHONE, BUT
PERHAPS THE COP
LIVED LONG ENOUGH
TO BLAB ON ME.

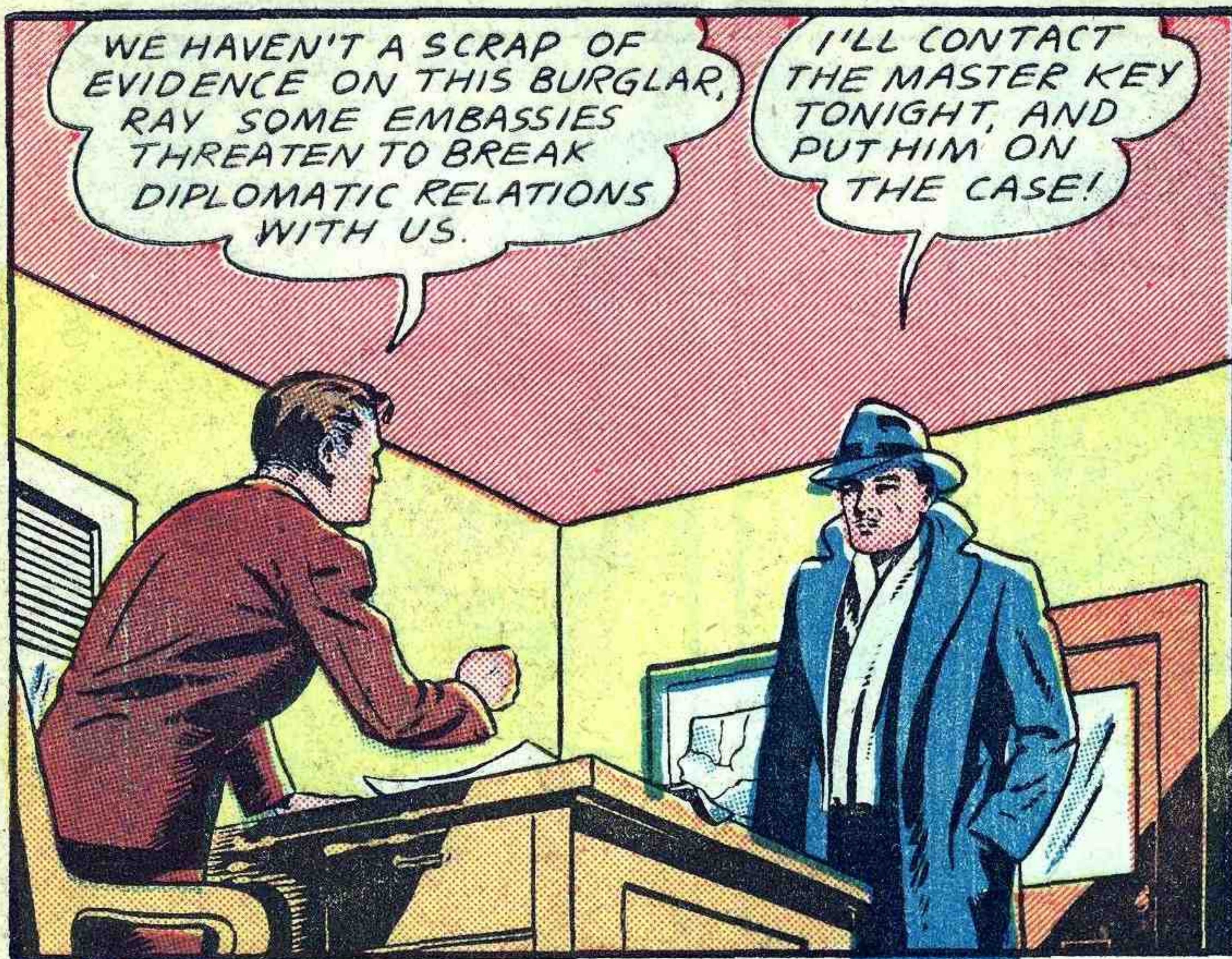


YES, MOUSE! HE DID
CROAK, HUH? GET THE
NAMES OF THE G-MEN
ON THE CASE SO I'LL
BE ON THE LOOKOUT!

AFTER TWO MORE EMBASSIES ARE ROBBED
AND A G-MAN IS SHOT TO DEATH, THE
GOVERNMENT SUMMONS RAY CARDELL

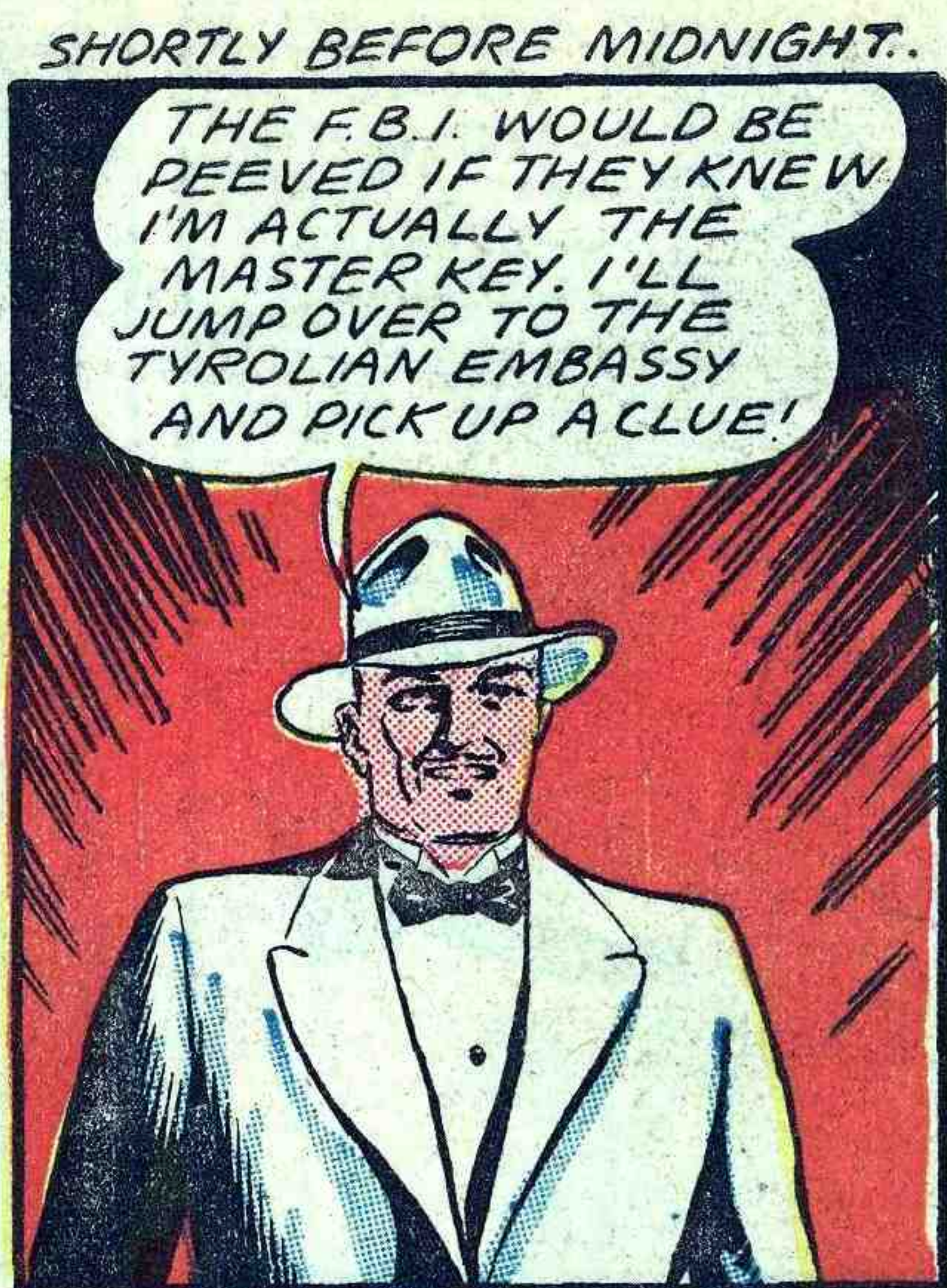


HEY, TAXI! MAKE IT
SNAPPY THERE, BUD!
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
BUILDING!



WE HAVEN'T A SCRAP OF EVIDENCE ON THIS BURGLAR, RAY SOME EMBASSIES THREATEN TO BREAK DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH US.

I'LL CONTACT THE MASTER KEY TONIGHT, AND PUT HIM ON THE CASE!



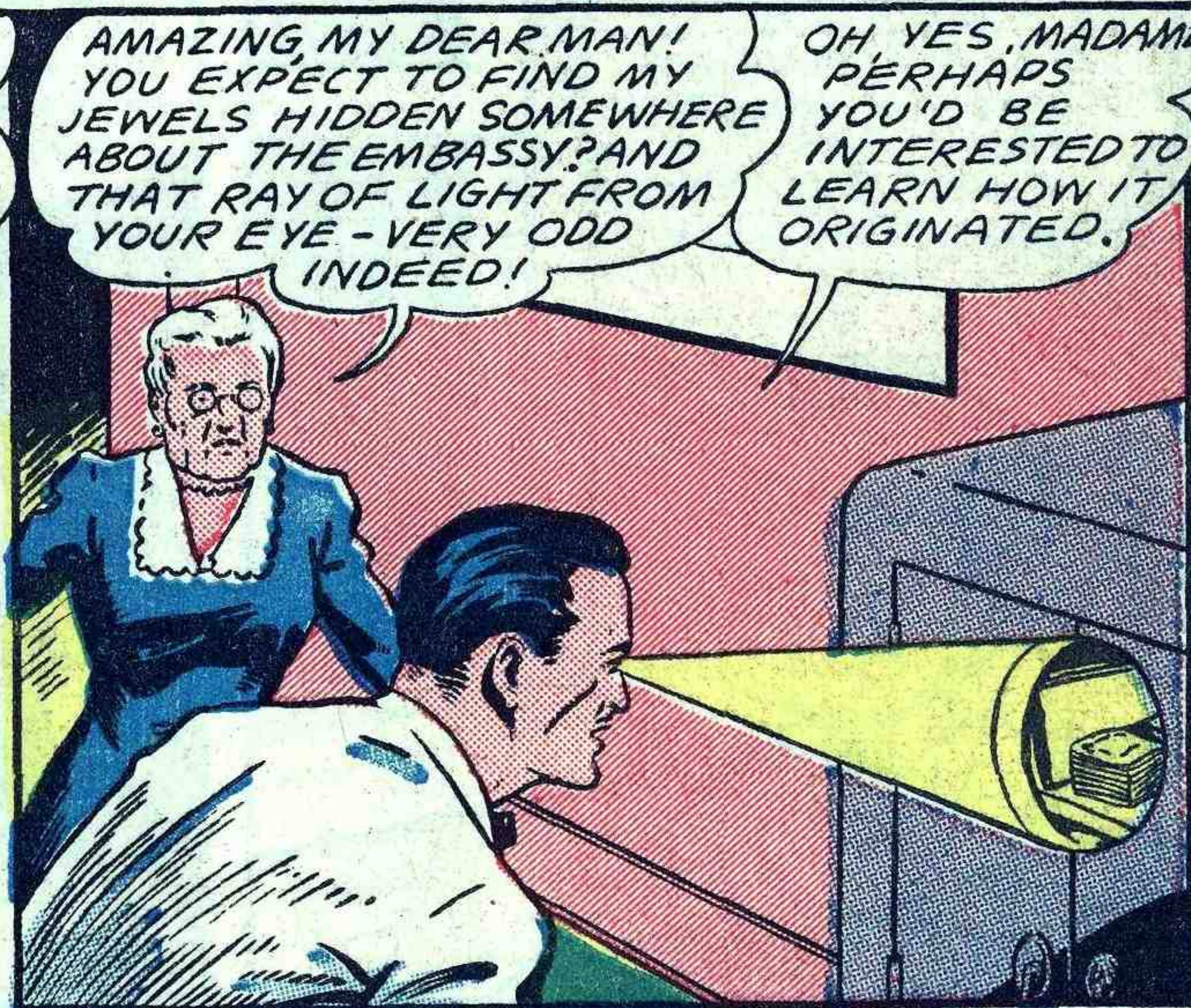
SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

THE F.B.I. WOULD BE PEEVED IF THEY KNEW I'M ACTUALLY THE MASTER KEY. I'LL JUMP OVER TO THE TYROLIAN EMBASSY AND PICK UP A CLUE!



THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SENT YOU? BUT WHY-?

THE INVESTIGATION OVERLOOKED A FEW ITEMS MY FRIEND. MIND IF I BROWSE AROUND?



AMAZING, MY DEAR MAN! YOU EXPECT TO FIND MY JEWELS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE EMBASSY? AND THAT RAY OF LIGHT FROM YOUR EYE - VERY ODD INDEED!

OH, YES, MADAME. PERHAPS YOU'D BE INTERESTED TO LEARN HOW IT ORIGINATED.



SHORT CIRCUIT! MY EYES! OH! MY EYES!

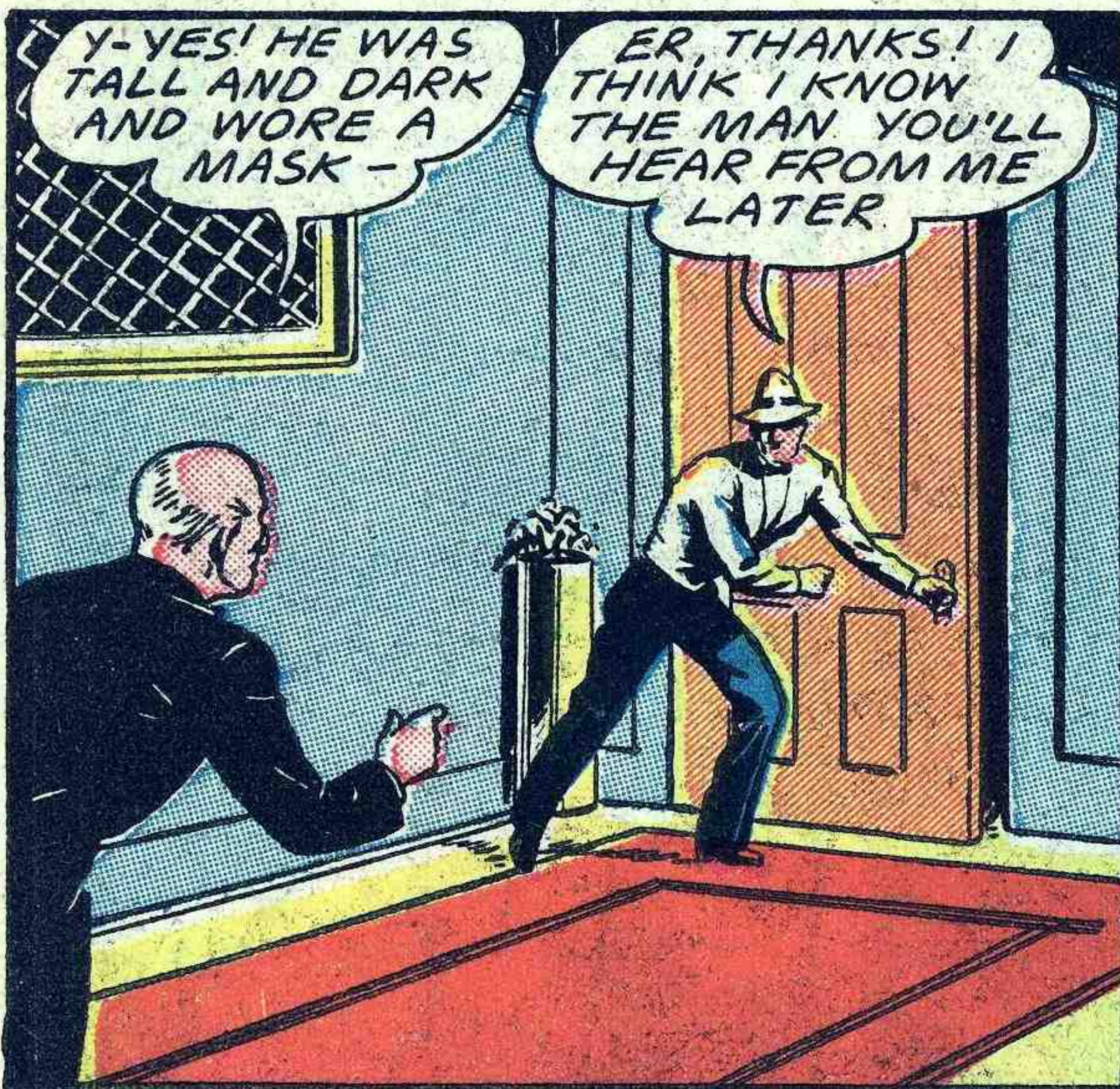
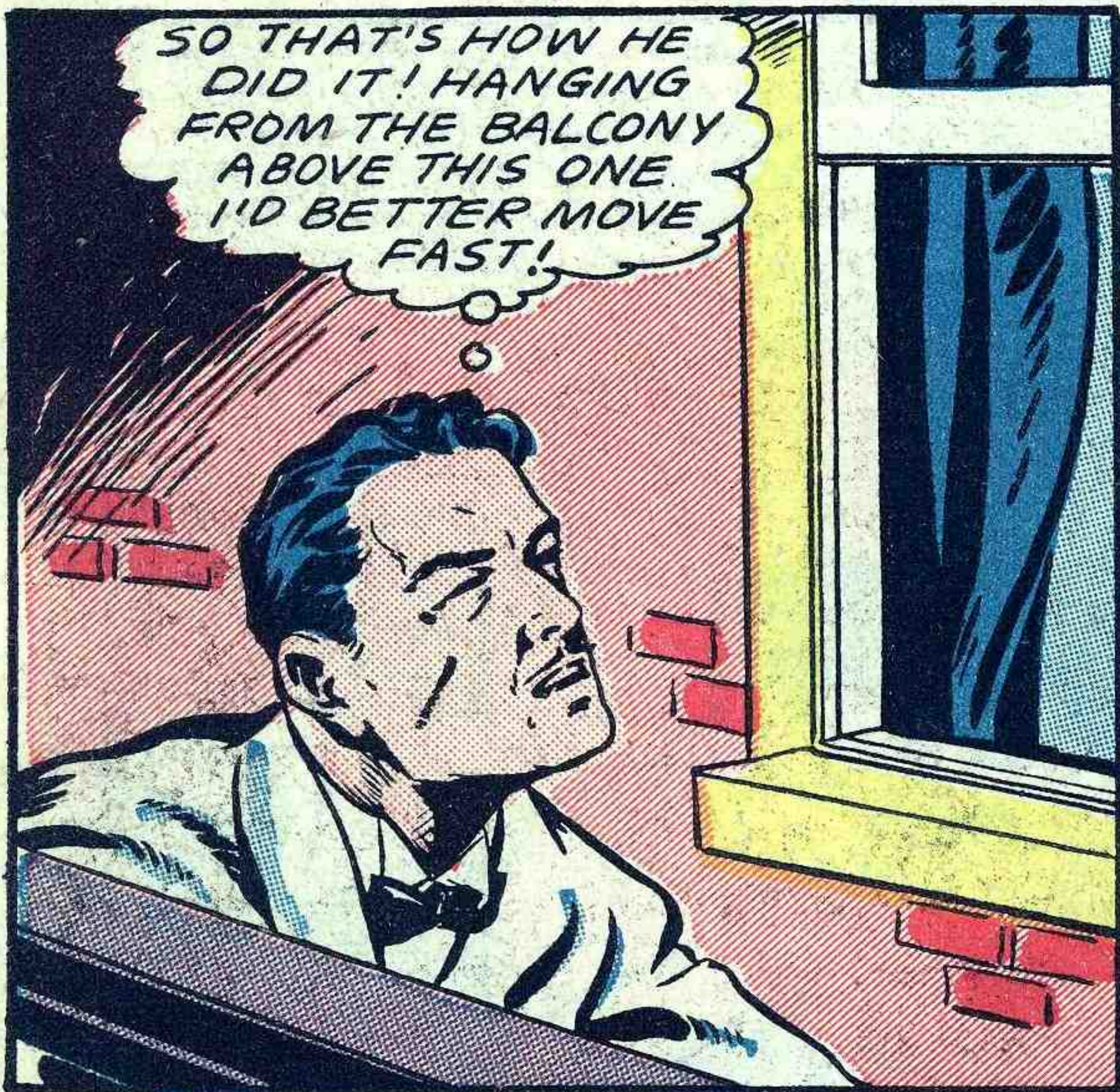
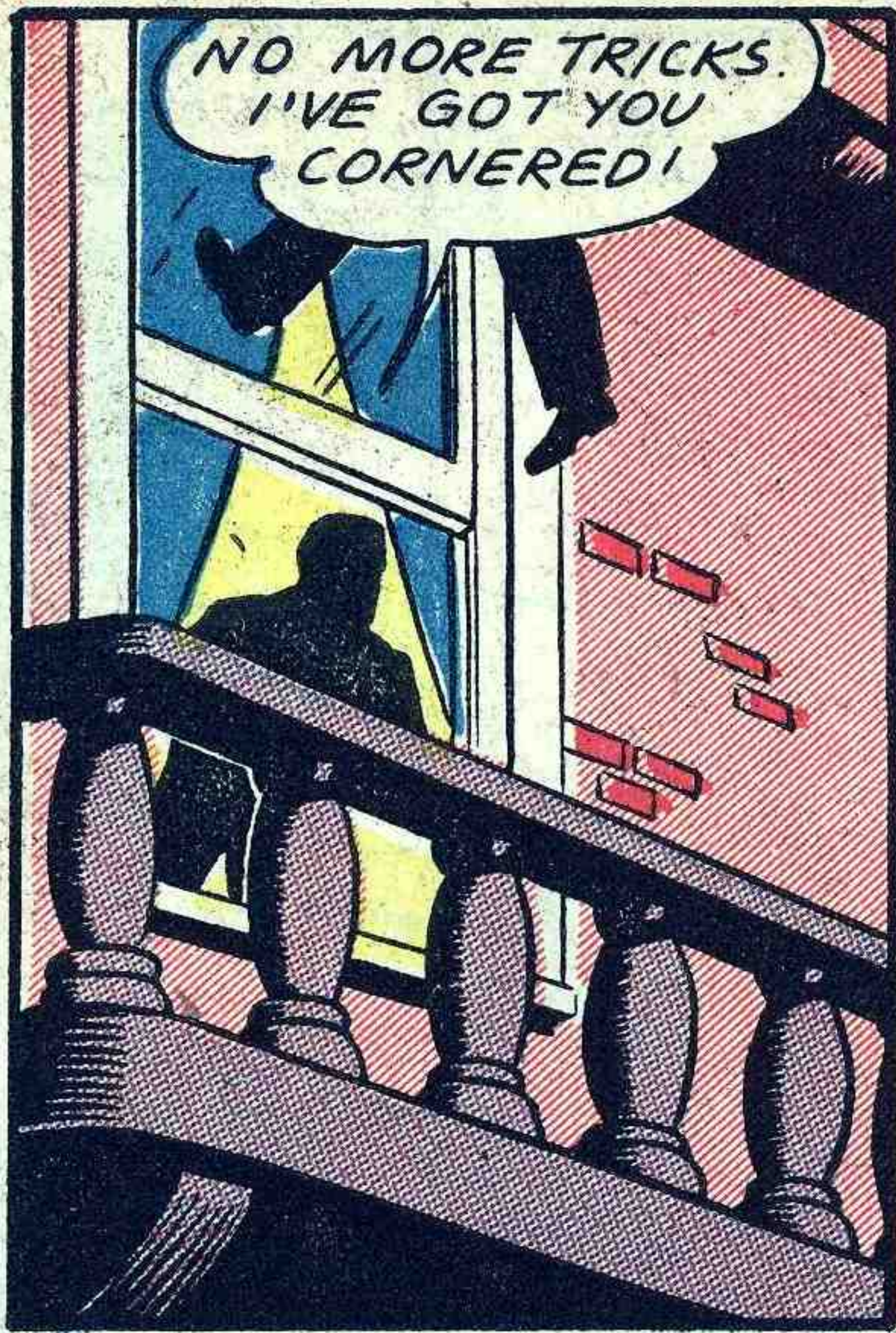


BUT I WASN'T BLINDED, DOCTOR! THE ULTRA SHORT WAVES AFFECTED MY EYES STRANGELY. I CAN SEE THROUGH THINGS LIKE AN X-RAY!

THE BEAM GENERATES HEAT, TOO. WATCH OUT - YOU'LL BURN SOMETHING!



AND RIGHT NOW SOMEONE IS TRYING TO BURN ME UP! IF HE'S LOOKING FOR TROUBLE I CAN OBLIGE HIM!



BUT MIAMI MAE IS UNAWARE OF THE WIRE TAPPING.

THE ALSATION EMBASSY WILL BE MY LAST JOB. IF THE MASTER KEY INTERFERES, HE'LL WIND UP AS THE SKELETON KEY!

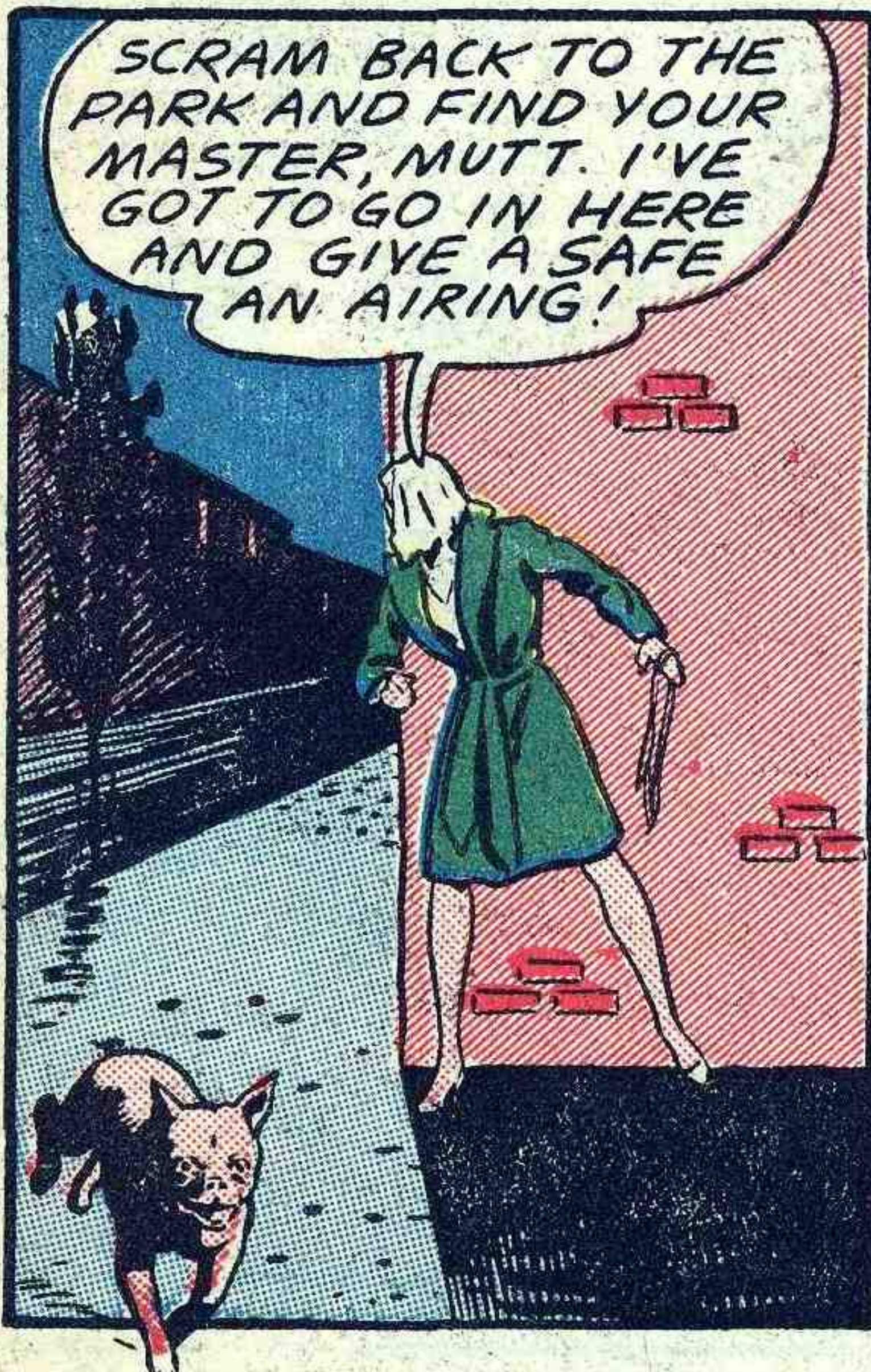


JUST A DAME AIRING HER DOG.

HE'S A COOL CUSTOMER, ALL RIGHT. THE TEMPERATURE AT THE MORGUE WILL BE JUST RIGHT FOR HIM IF HE BUTTS IN ON THIS JOB!

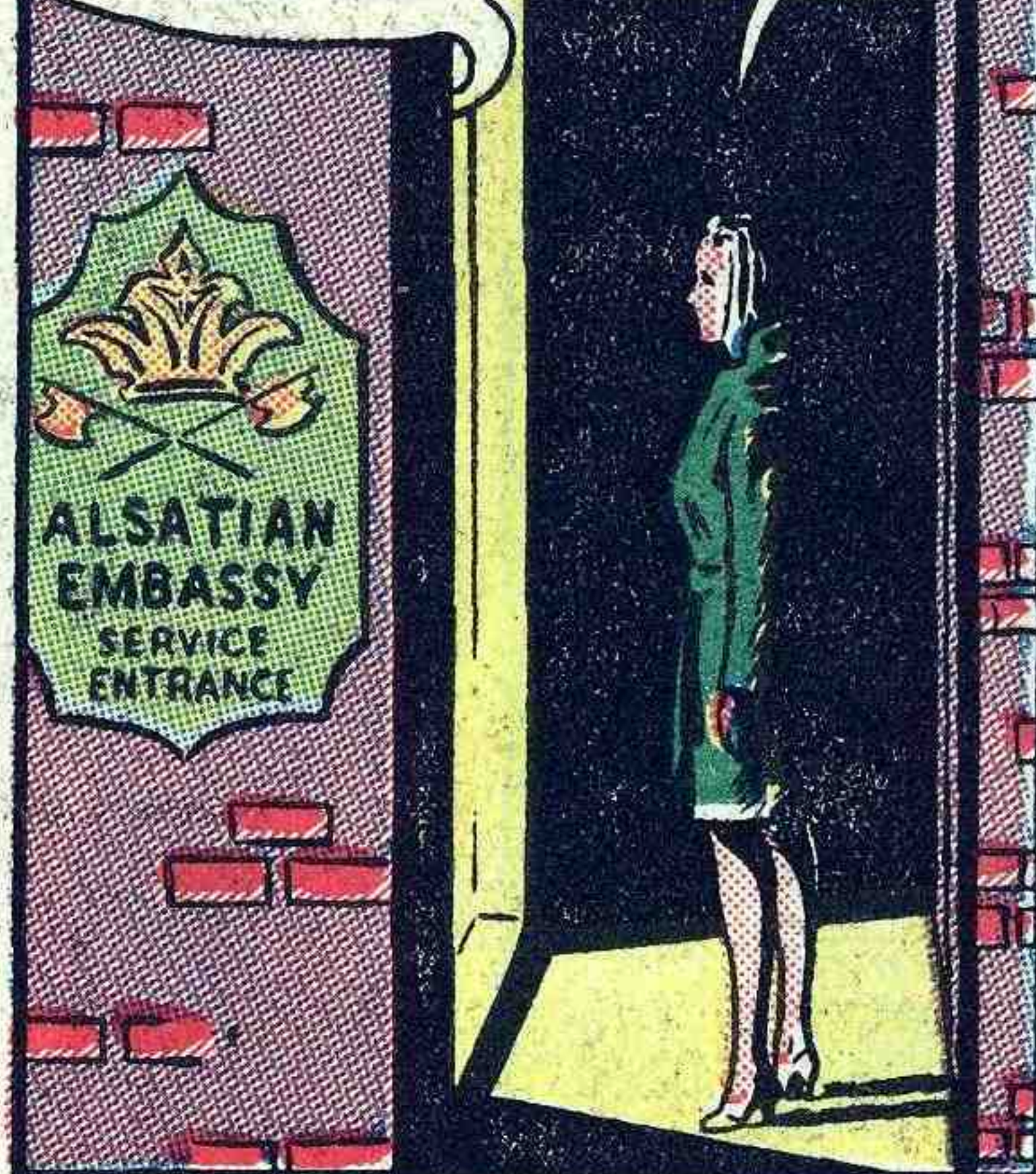


SCRAM BACK TO THE PARK AND FIND YOUR MASTER, MUTT. I'VE GOT TO GO IN HERE AND GIVE A SAFE AN AIRING!



AH, YES! THE CHAMBERMAID WE INTERVIEWED LAST WEEK. YOU'LL TAKE THE JOB?

YES, M'SIEUR. SHOW ME TO MY QUARTERS



HE SAYS HE WAS SENT BY THE SECRET SERVICE, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

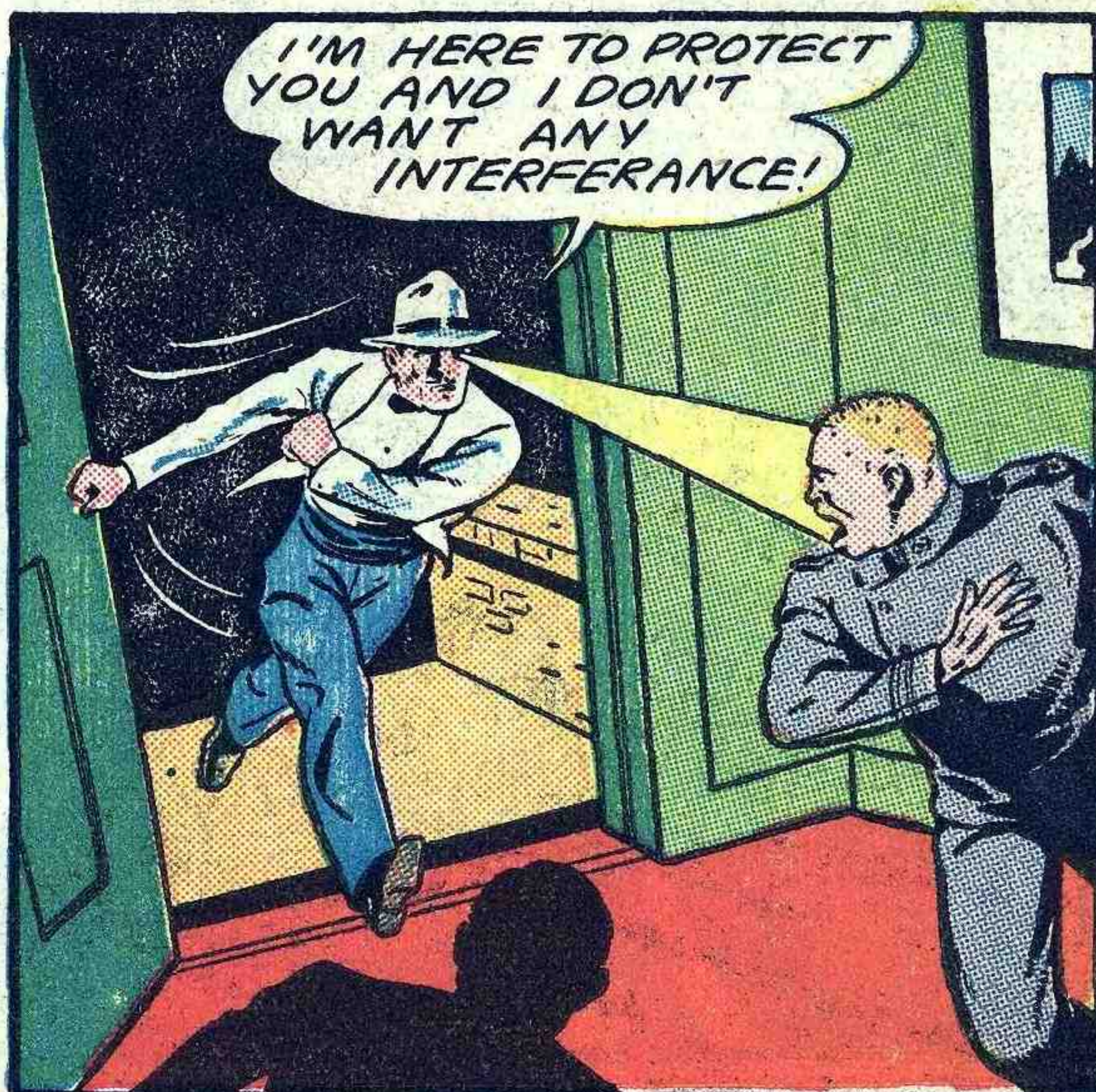
MASTER KEY, EH? NEVER HEARD OF HIM, FRANZ. DON'T LET HIM INSIDE, YOU HEAR!

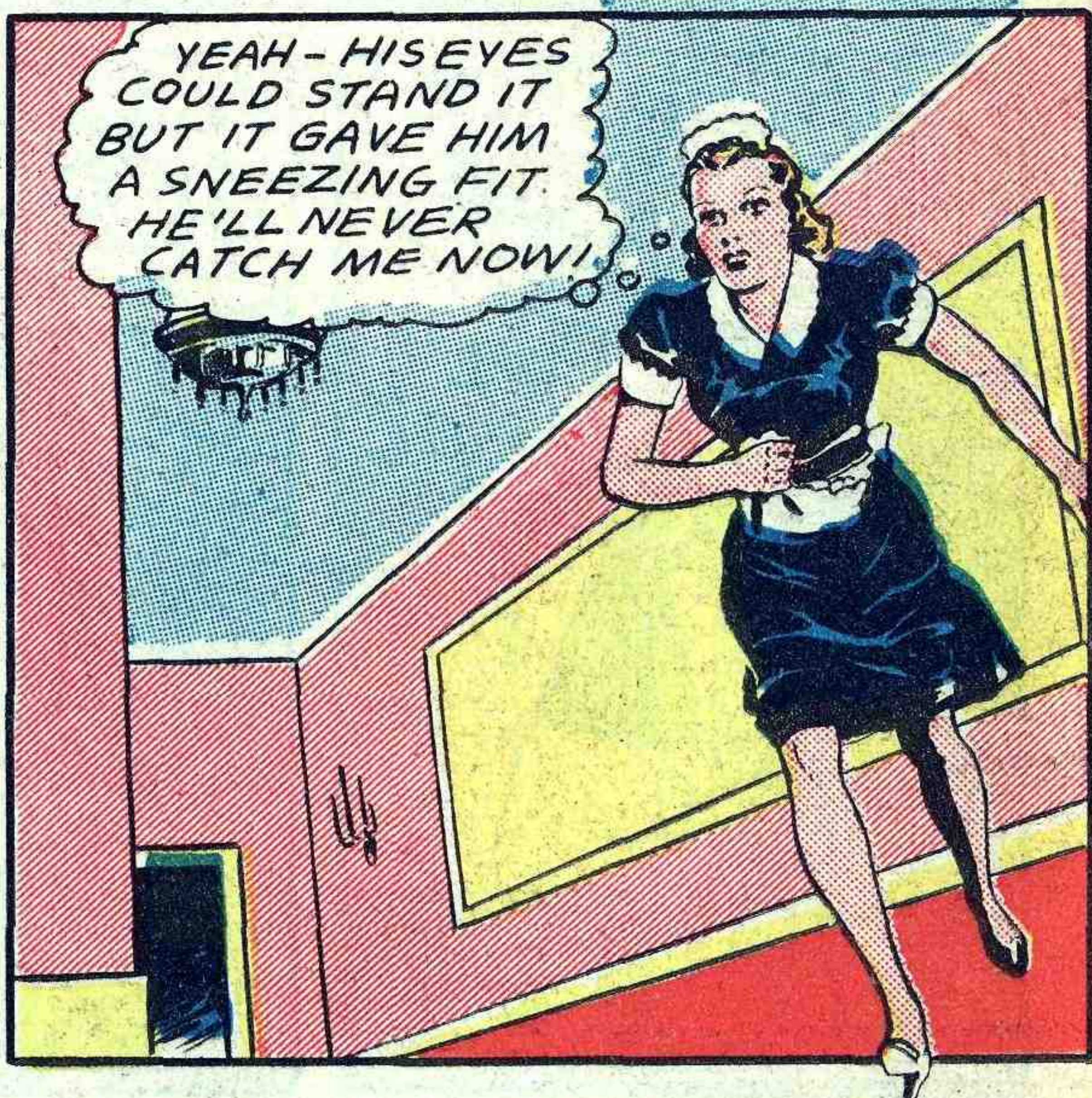


I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THEM FROM THE OUTSIDE WHILE THAT DAME IS ALREADY INSIDE!



I'M HERE TO PROTECT YOU AND I DON'T WANT ANY INTERFERENCE!





A FAST RIDE ACROSS THE NATION'S CAPITAL, THE MASTER KEY LOCATES A HOUSE NUMBER ON A SIDE STREET



"HAPPY" LANDING

CRAZY YANKEE PILOT
TESTING VEST POCKET
SUPER FORTRESS!
SHOOT HIM
DOWN!



PRIVATE LANDING, WE'VE
TOLERATED ENOUGH OF
YOUR LUNACY ON THIS
BEACHHEAD. WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU ANYWAY?

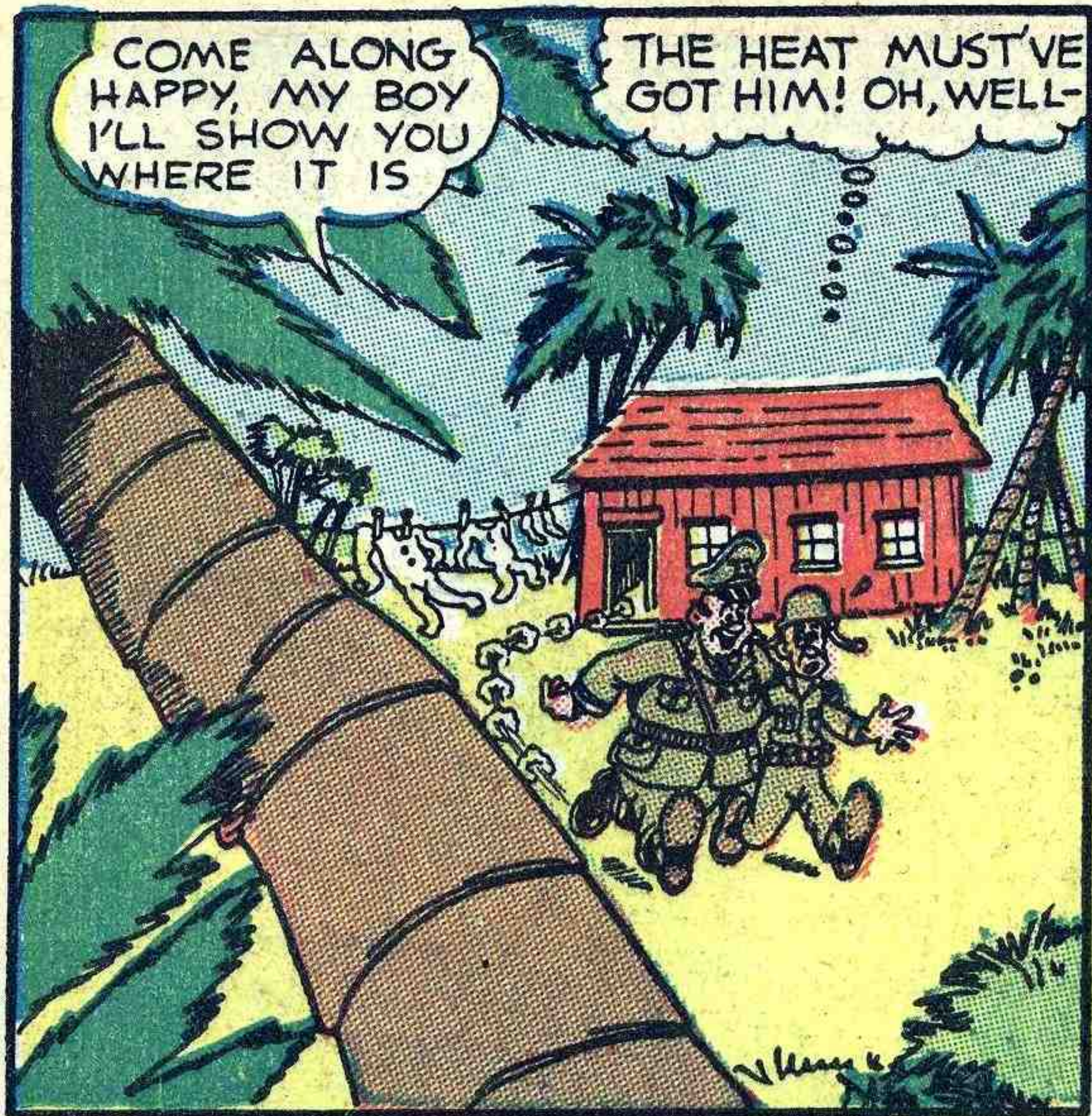
SUPPRESSED
DESIRES, SIR.
I WANT TO BE
A FLIER.

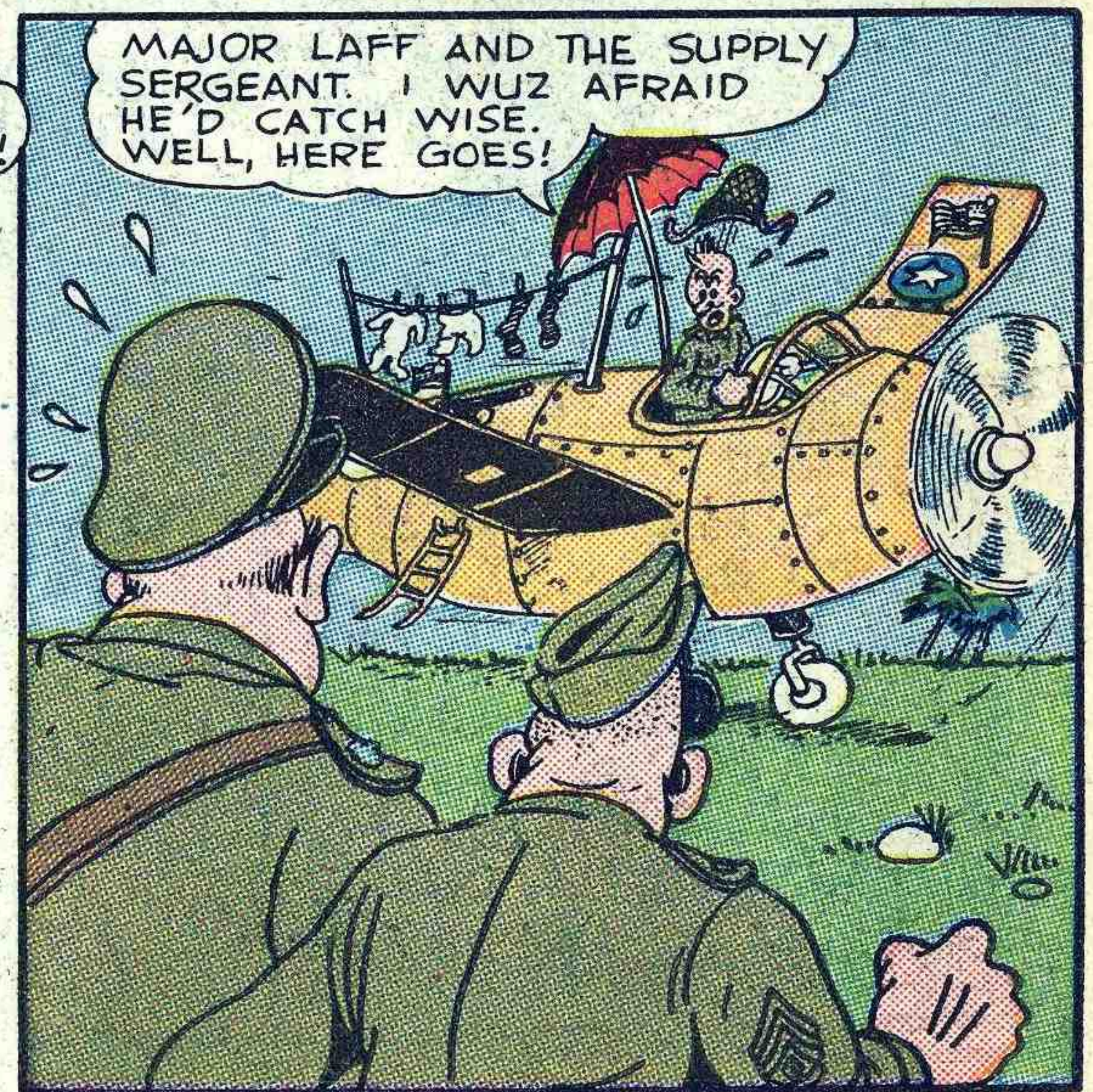
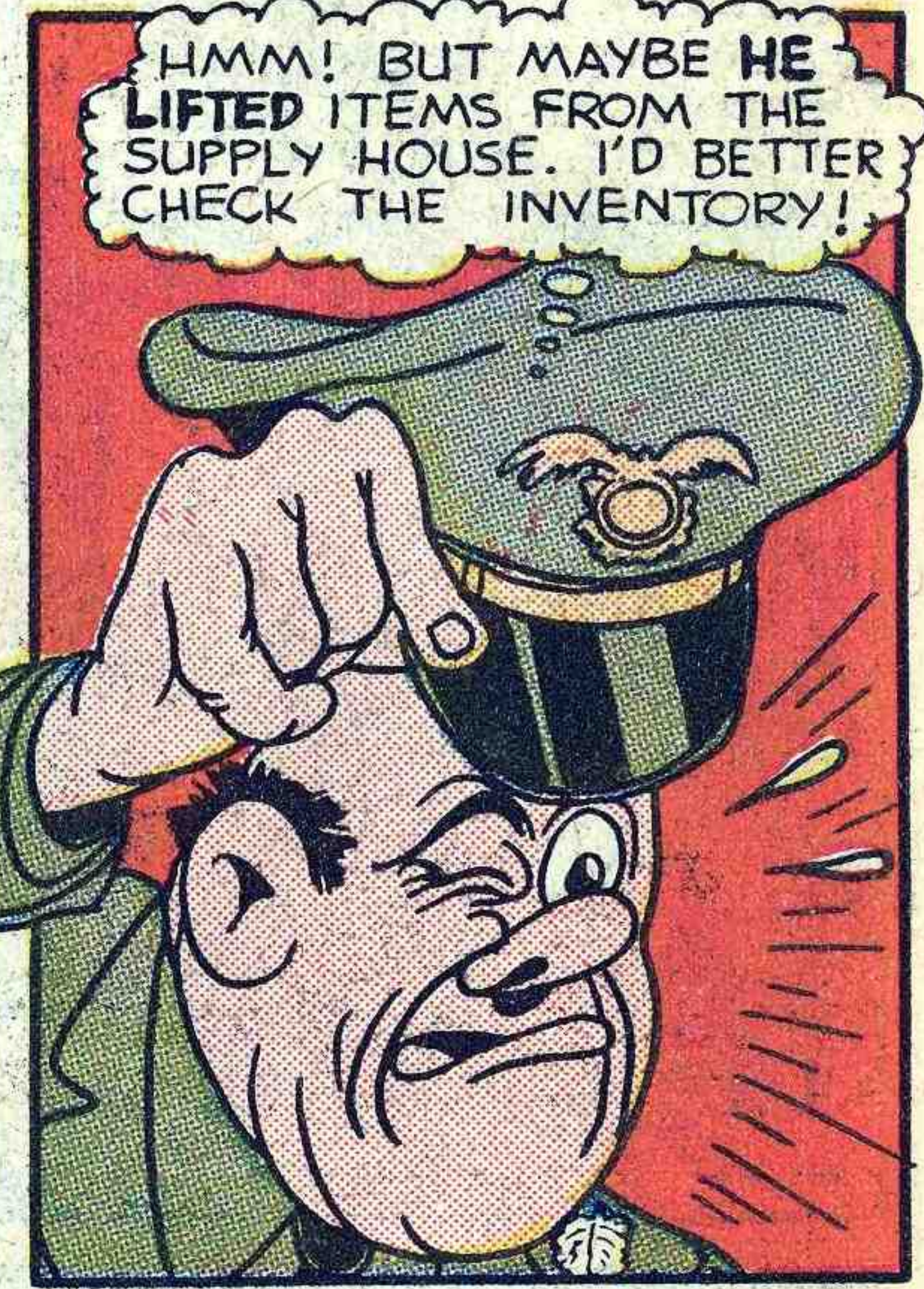


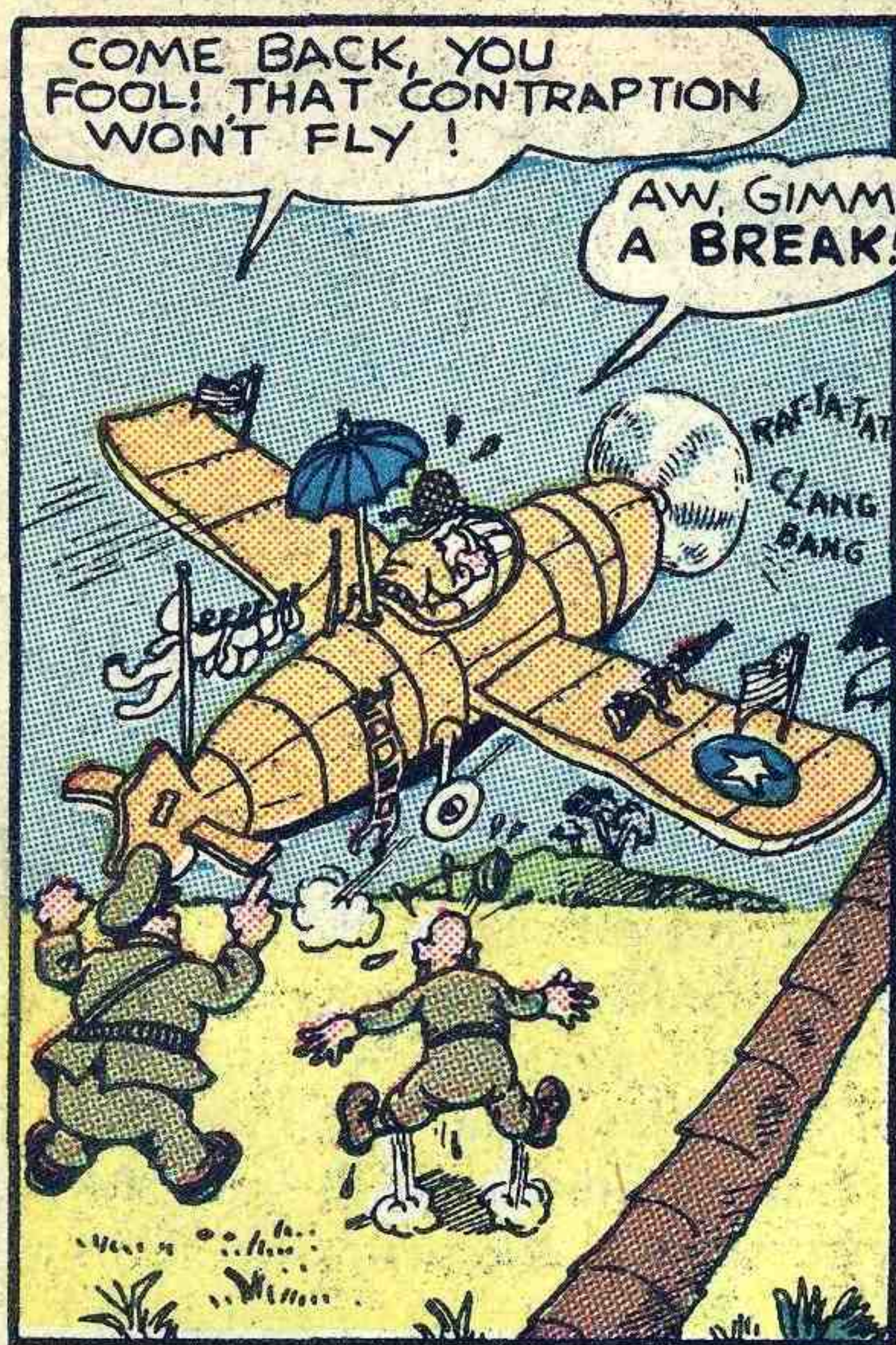
OH, I SEE! THAT'S FINE.
I'LL GIVE YOU A PLANE
ON CONDITION THAT
YOU MAKE ALL REPAIRS
ON IT!

ER, GOSH,
MAJOR LAFF -
THAT'S A DEAL.
NOW WHERE'S
THE SHIP?









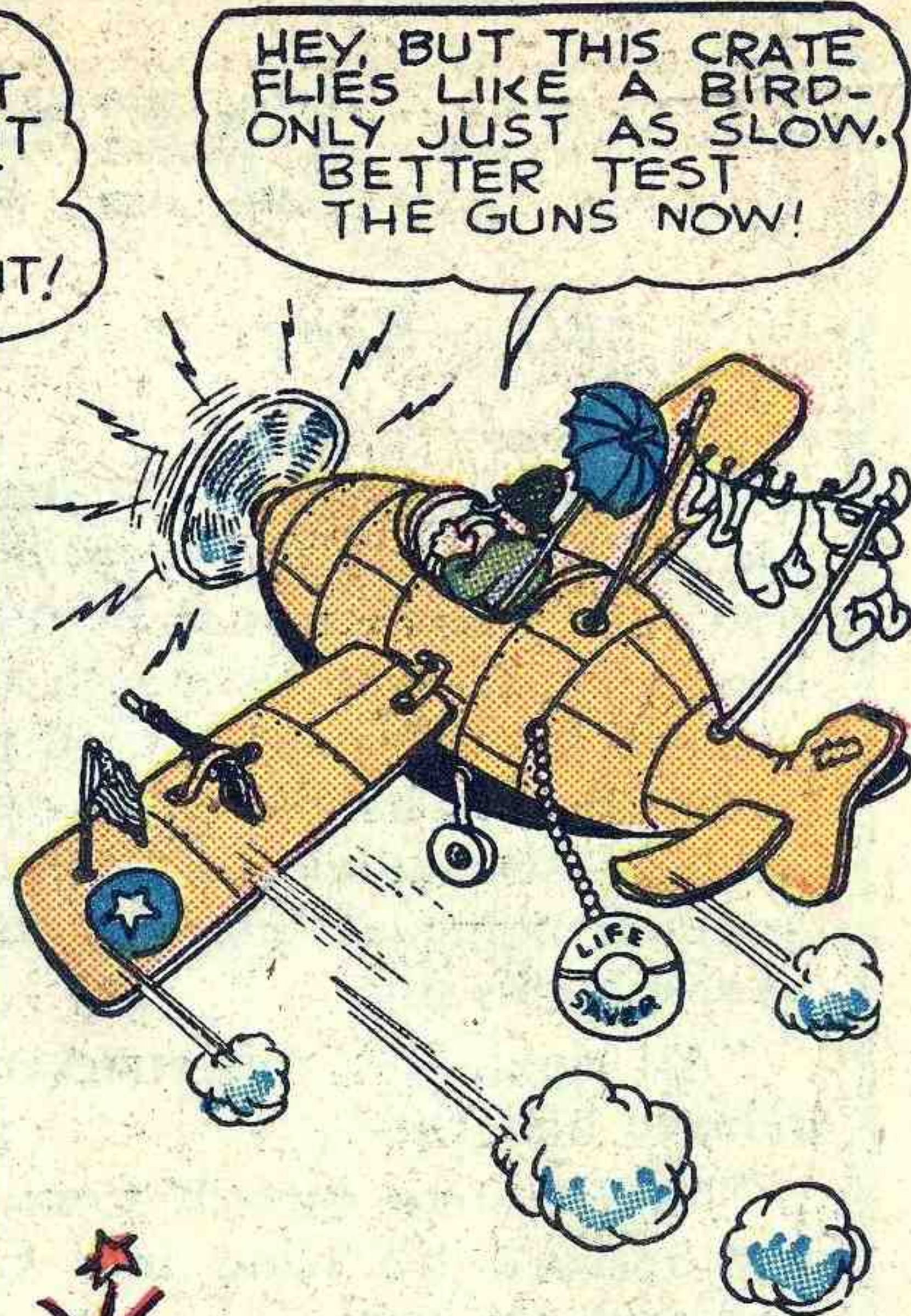
COME BACK, YOU FOOL! THAT CONTRAPTION WON'T FLY!

AW, GIMME A BREAK!



GLUB-POOH! YEAH, I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK WHEN I CATCH YOU!

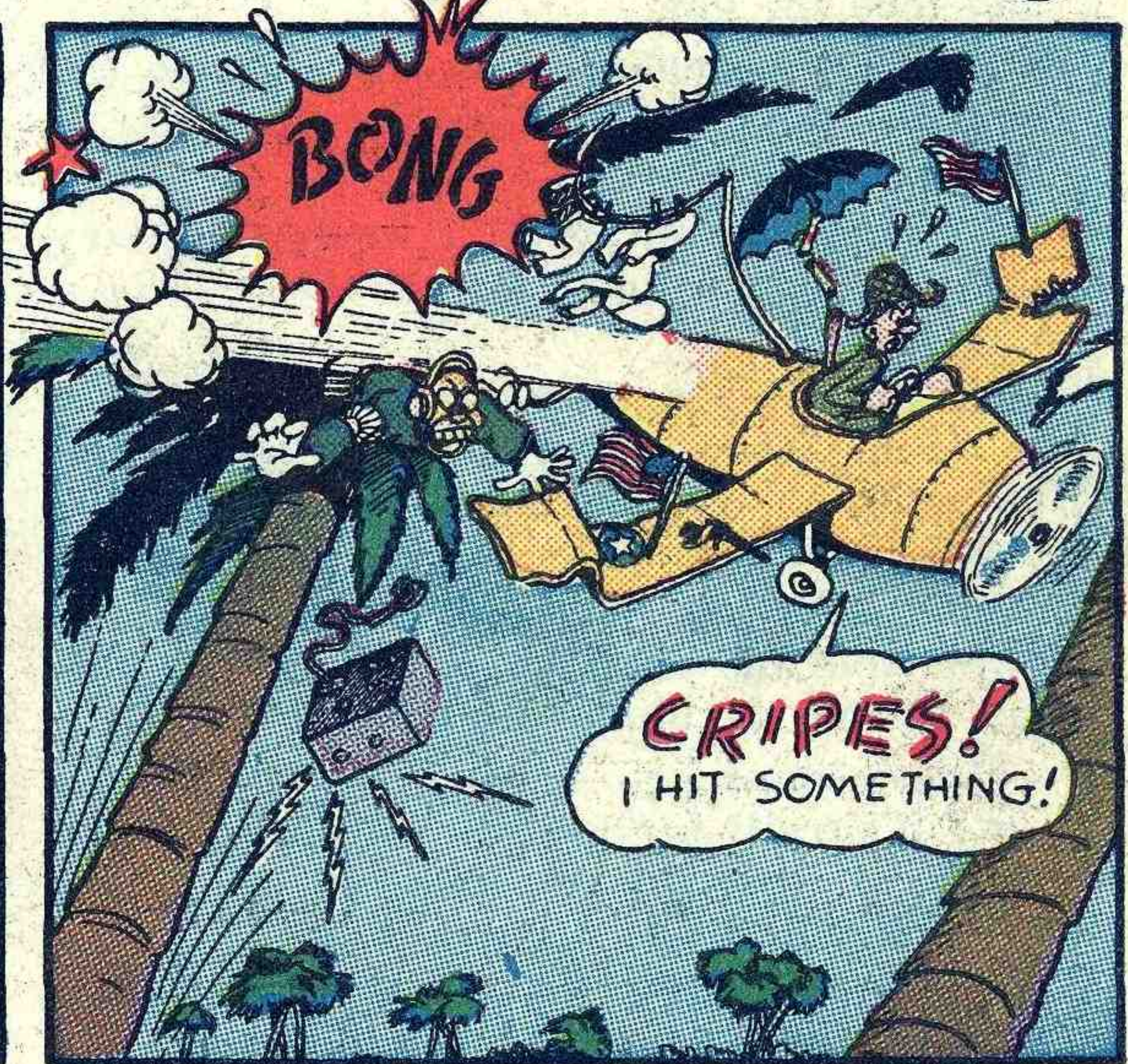
COULDN'T HEAR WHAT HE SAID BUT I'LL BET IT WASN'T A COMPLIMENT!



HEY, BUT THIS CRATE FLIES LIKE A BIRD- ONLY JUST AS SLOW. BETTER TEST THE GUNS NOW!



OUTPOST SEVEN CALLING HEADQUARTERS! CURSED YANKEES TESTING NEW AIRSHIP. LOOKS LIKE A VEST POCKET SUPER FORTRESS!



BONG

CRIPES!
I HIT SOMETHING!



OUCH! I CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

CRASH



HEY, SOLDIER! THROW THIS DUMB JERK IN THE STOCKADE!

NIX ON THAT, MAJOR! IF YOU DON'T WANT HIM, GIVE HIM TO US HE JUST KNOCKED DOWN A SNIPER WE'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR WEEKS!

HUH, I THOUGHT I HIT A TREE!

DEVIL'S DECOY

Mike Stern's heart was human but his hide was tough.

Joe Conroy stood in the shadows of Harrison's Jewelry Store and swept his eyes stealthily down the street. Just as he turned his head a hand clapped over his mouth and steel fingers gripped his throat. He tried to wrench away and to get his hand from the pocket in which he held his automatic. But the grip of his assailant tightened, pinning his arms stiff and useless by his side.

"All right, Joe," his attacker growled as he relaxed his grip.

"Mike! Mike Stern!" Conroy gasped. The cop reached his hand into Conroy's pocket and took the gun.

"Yeah," the officer replied. "Sorry to find you like this, Joe. I'll have to turn you in, you know."

"Listen," Joe pleaded, "I wouldn't do anything to make it tough for you, Mike. You're my friend."

"I sort of lost track of you," Mike Stern told him, "after you left town. This is a kind of surprise. But I'm going to let you go—because of old times."

Joe tugged the policeman's arm. "Let's get away from the street lamp, Mike. If anyone saw us and you don't turn me in—"

They moved into an alley, where Joe went on: "It's really because you got Mary. I went to pieces. But I'm not going to go. You'll have to pull me in, Mike."

The cop slapped Joe's back. "You didn't commit a crime. Run along, Joe, and keep out of trouble."

Suddenly Conroy's fist flashed up. Mike fell backward against the building. Conroy sailed into him again, brought his fist into the cop's middle. Mike shot out his right and Conroy ducked. As Mike rushed in Conroy kicked and caught Stern in the wind.

As the cop went down on one knee, Conroy let his right go full in the officer's face. Mike's head went back and Conroy jumped him, reached for Stern's gun.

Mike Stern grabbed Conroy's wrist, twisted it hard. Conroy gasped and cried aloud. "Mike, you're breaking my arm!"

"Like a rat, you squeal when cornered," breathed Mike. "If you're going to fight, let's see you fight clean."

Mike let Joe Conroy get to his feet. The

crook rubbed his wrist, sniffed under his breath.

"I . . . I thought maybe you'd pull me in if I let you have it," he whimpered. "I didn't want you to get into trouble by letting me loose!"

Mike Stern eyed Joe through the darkness. Light from the street lamp framed a shadow and threw a half light against the brick wall at the mouth of the alley. But the half light did not disclose the crimson flush on Mike Stern's face. For several moments he didn't move an inch. Then his fist streaked out, smashed hard against Joe Conroy's jaw. Conroy dropped like a bag of meal.

Mike Stern left him in the alley and went out into the street. From the darkness of the alley, the glare of the street light hurt his eyes. He pulled his cap forward on his face. Cautiously he crept toward the jewelry store.

He stood close to the building and inched his way toward the window. Behind the door it was only black. But beyond the blackness was a darker outline. Mike held his automatic, poised his body tense and fired.

A scream rent the night air and a blast from a tommygun shattered the glass in the store window. From his position Mike aimed carefully for the flash of the gun. The sound of a body's weight hit the glass of the store door. A figure sprang out of the darkness of the store and ran into the street, an automatic belching flame and bullets. Mike fired again and the figure fell forward.

Mike went forward cautiously, rolled the body over in the road.

"Draka," he said aloud. "I thought so. Wiliest safe cracker in the country. Conroy must have been his lookout."

He called headquarters from a police box and then went over to the alley. Joe Conroy was just coming to.

"My head," he sobbed. "My whole head hurts."

"You can come along to headquarters now," Mike told him, "I got Draka. When I saw you I knew I'd find bigger game if I waited. You were always a second rater. I knew you never could handle a job alone. You wanted me out of Draka's way. You knew if you didn't stall me off, Draka would pay you off in lead!"



A SHOCKING TAPESTRY OF TERROR WAS WOVEN ACROSS THE GAY BACKGROUND OF A CARNIVAL. MURDER AND MERRIMENT VIED FOR TOP BILLING, BUT THE SMASH HIT WAS SCORED BY ROCKETMAN AND ROCKETGIRL WHEN THEY UNEARTHED AN AMAZING MOTIVE BEHIND THE SCENES. THEN THEIR LIVES HUNG IN THE BALANCE AS A THRILL-CRAZED ASSASSIN TIPPED THE SCALES!

ROCKETMAN

JOY-SEEKING CROWDS JAM THE CARNIVAL, UNAWARE THAT DEATH LURKS IN THEIR MIDST.



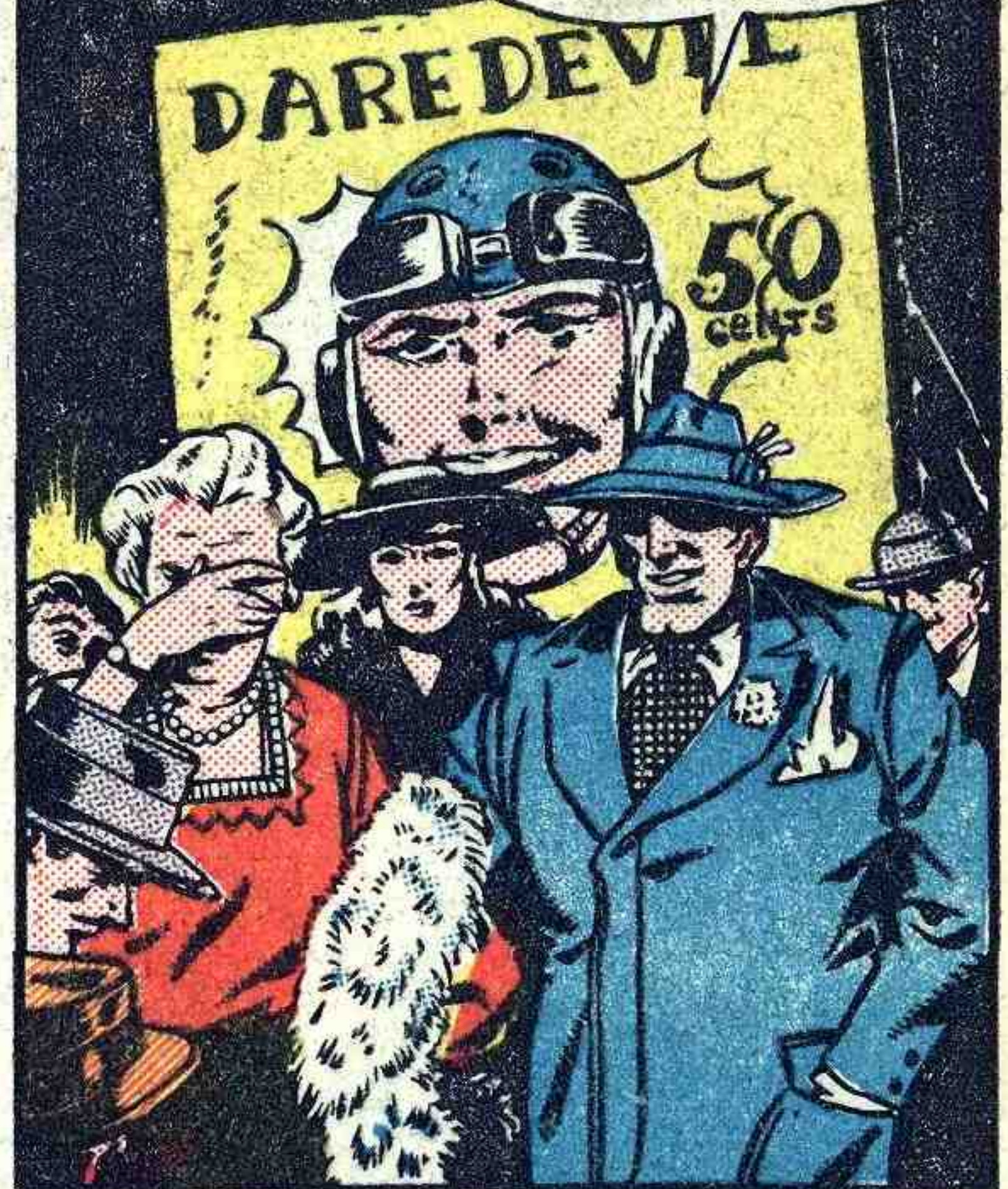
SOMEBODY PUSHED ME! OH! OH! WE'LL BE KILLED!

THE SEAT-IT THREW US OUT-BETTY!



OH-HOW TERRIBLE!

WHAT A SHOW! YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS CARNIVAL FOR THRILLS, FOLKS!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE ACCIDENTS, SMASH. MY CARNIVAL LICENSE WILL BE REVOKED!

BUT, COLONEL. THINK OF THE PUBLICITY! WE'RE DRAWING RECORD CROWDS!



CAL MARTIN AND HIS FIANCEE, DORIS DALTON DISCUSS THE CASUALTIES

THE POLICE SAY THE VICTIMS WERE CARELESS BUT I SUSPECT A DIFFERENT CAUSE.

SO DO I, DORIS.



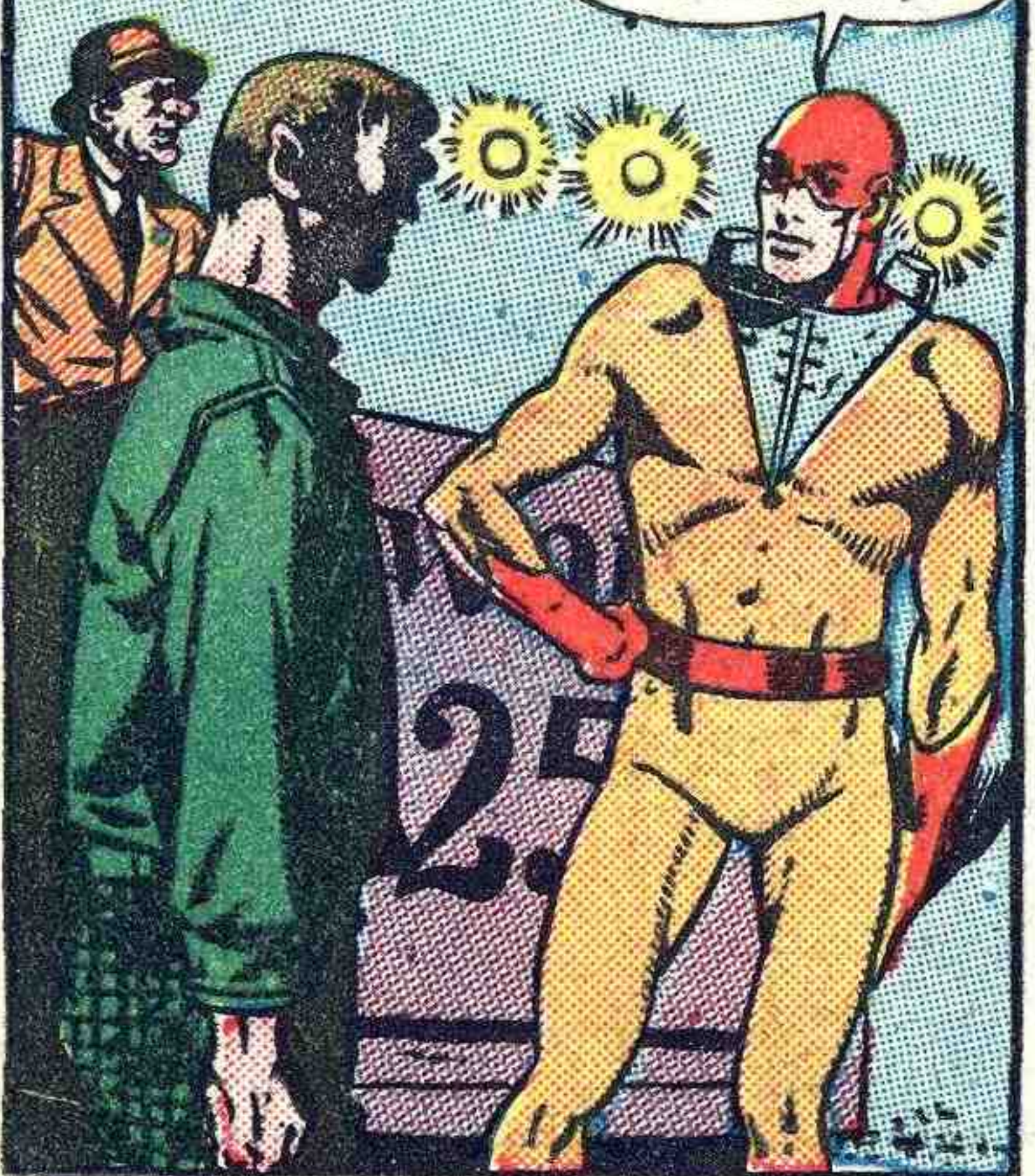
AS ROCKETMAN AND ROCKETGIRL WE WON'T ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION AT A CARNIVAL!

RIGHT, CAL. MEET ME AT THE CARNIVAL GATE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



HEY YOU! FANCY PANTS! G'WAN, SCRAM!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG IDEA, BOUNCER. I BOUGHT TWO TICKETS ALREADY.



THIS SHOW'S GIVIN' US ENOUGH HEADACHES. YOU AIN'T GONNA MAKE MORE TROUBLE!



WON'T ACCEPT OUR TICKETS, HUH? HE'RE'S A FREE PASS TO THE ACCIDENT WARD, CITY HOSPITAL!





THAT WAS A CUTE TRICK, ROCKET GIRL!

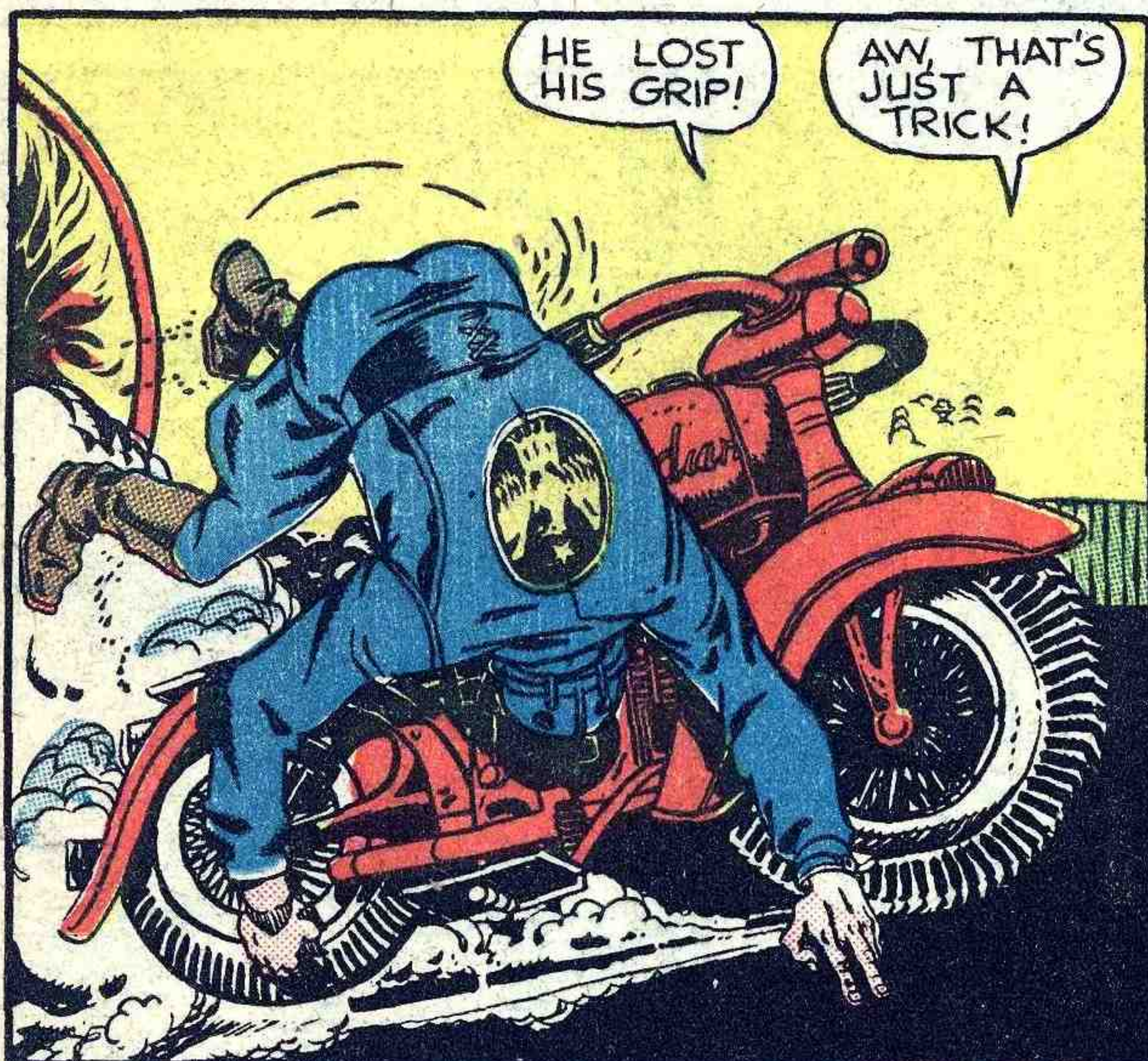
WE'LL NEED FASTER ONES THAN THAT BEFORE THE EVENING'S OVER



WATCH! THAT DAREDEVIL MOTORCYCLIST IS GOING TO JUMP THROUGH A BLAZING HOOP!



I'VE DONE THIS A THOUSAND TIMES. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO ME!



HE LOST HIS GRIP!

AW, THAT'S JUST A TRICK!



WE CAN'T HELP HIM. HE'S DEAD. COME - LET'S EXAMINE THE HOOP!

THAT BROKE EITHER HIS BACK OR HIS NECK!



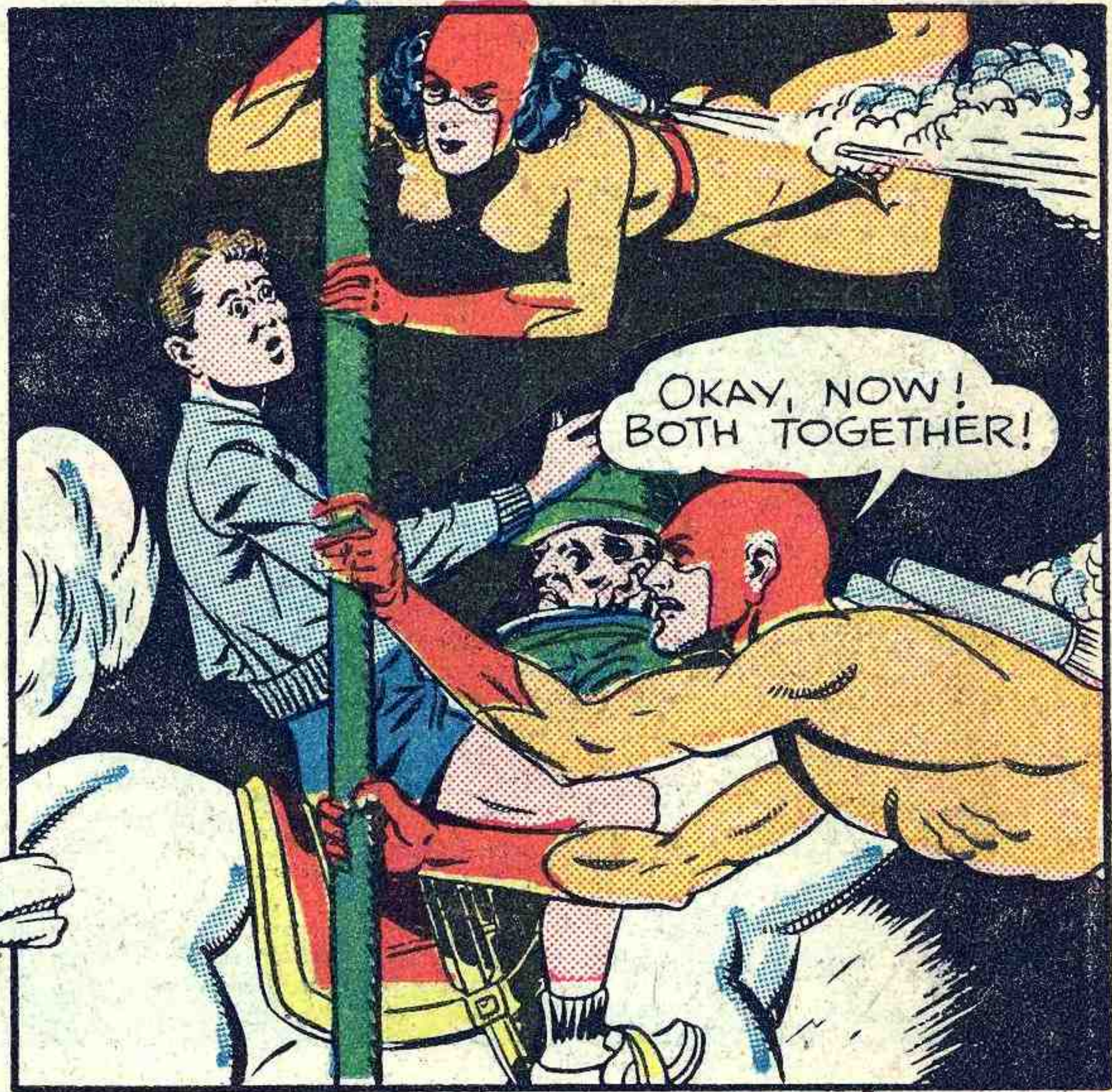
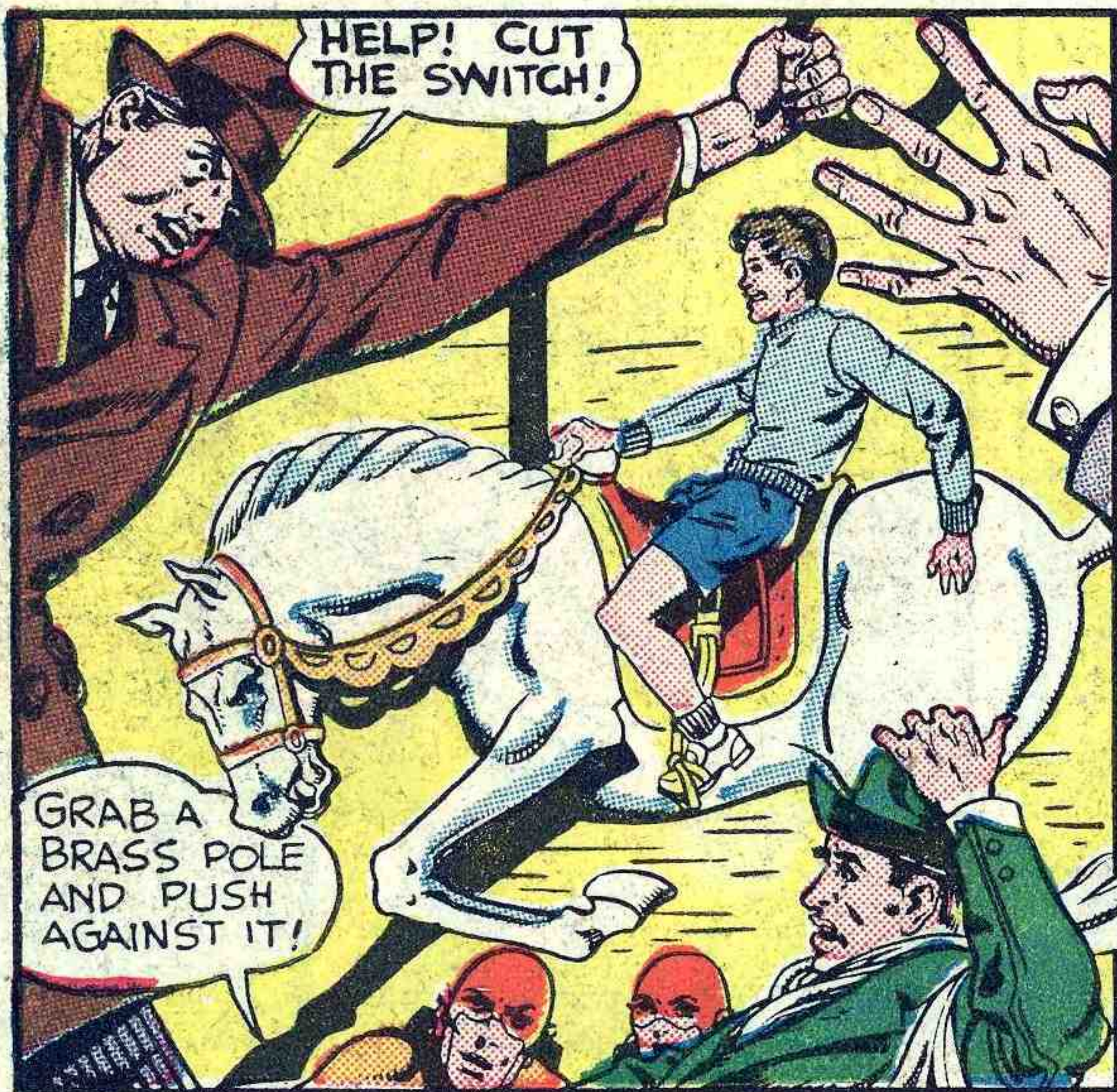
SOMEONE STRUNG THIS WIRE ACROSS THE HOOP TO THROW HIM!

DELIBERATELY! WHY, THAT'S MURDER!



WHO ARE YOU? YOU DON'T BELONG IN MY SHOW!

MAYBE IF WE JOINED YOUR TROUPE, THE CASUALTIES WOULD DROP, COLONEL TODD!







THE KILLER GRABBED DORIS AND TRIED TO SPRING A DEATH TRAP ON ME!



SMASH HENDRIX IS THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS TERROR. THAT FIRE WILL DESTROY SOME OF THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, BUT I MUST FIND ROCKETGIRL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE HER!



ROCKETMAN ESCAPED-- BUT I DUCKED HIM!

WE'LL GET HIM LATER. HELP ME LASH THIS ONE TO THE FLYWHEEL OF THE FERRIS WHEEL!



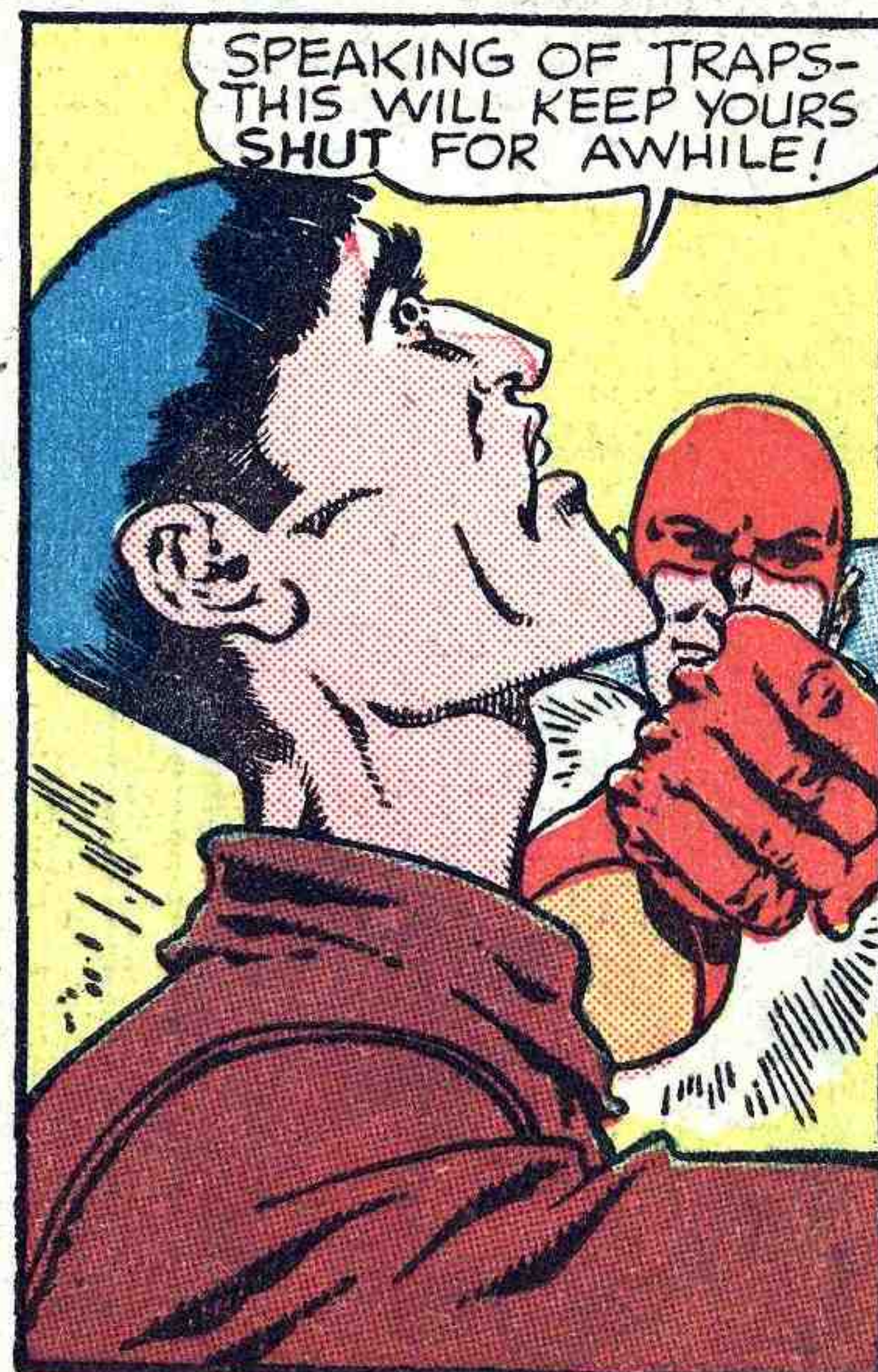
YES, SHE'S HELPLESS WITHOUT THEM. I TOLD KELLY I'D RUN THE WHEEL WHILE HE HAS COFFEE

YOU TORE OFF HER ROCKET TUBES, HUH?



OKAY, MAX, TELL ROCKETMAN YOU'VE SEEN HIS GAL AND LEAD HIM INTO THE OTHER TRAP!

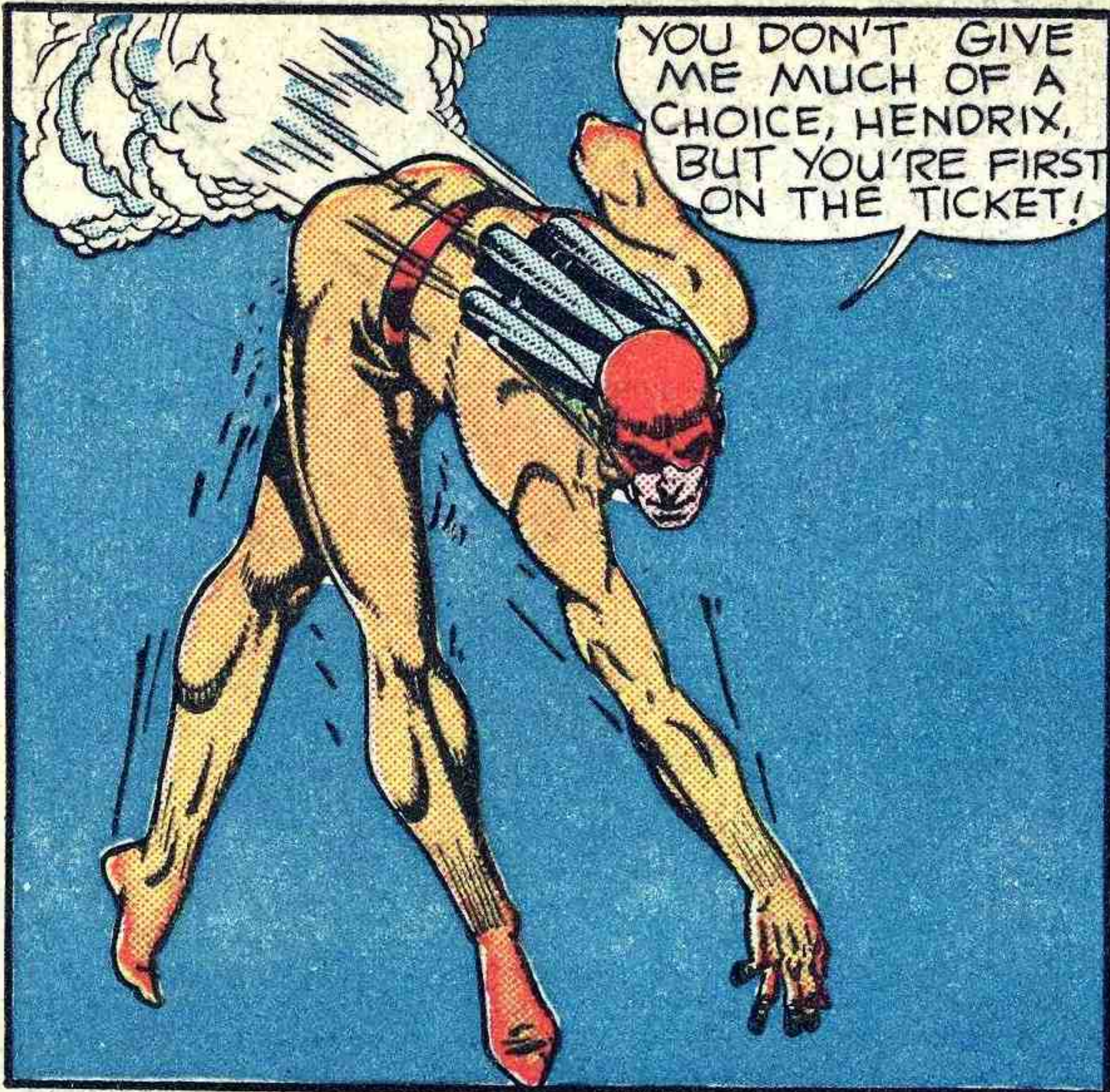
HE'S GOING TO SPIN ME TO DEATH!



SPEAKING OF TRAPS- THIS WILL KEEP YOURS SHUT FOR AWHILE!



ROCKETMAN! IF YOU TANGLE WITH ME, YOUR GIRL WILL SPIN TO HER DEATH. AND IF YOU TRY TO SAVE HER- I'LL KILL YOU!



YOU DON'T GIVE ME MUCH OF A CHOICE, HENDRIX, BUT YOU'RE FIRST ON THE TICKET!



I'VE CUT OFF YOUR POWER. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, HENDRIX. MY TURN TO PUT THE HOOKS TO YOU!



HOLD YOUR BREATH, DORIS! I'LL CUT THE SWITCH IN A SECOND!



OF ALL THE FIENDISH STUNTS! HAVE YOU ANY CLUE TO THE MADMAN?

THE BEST CLUE OF ALL. I'VE GOT HIM IN THE FLESH!



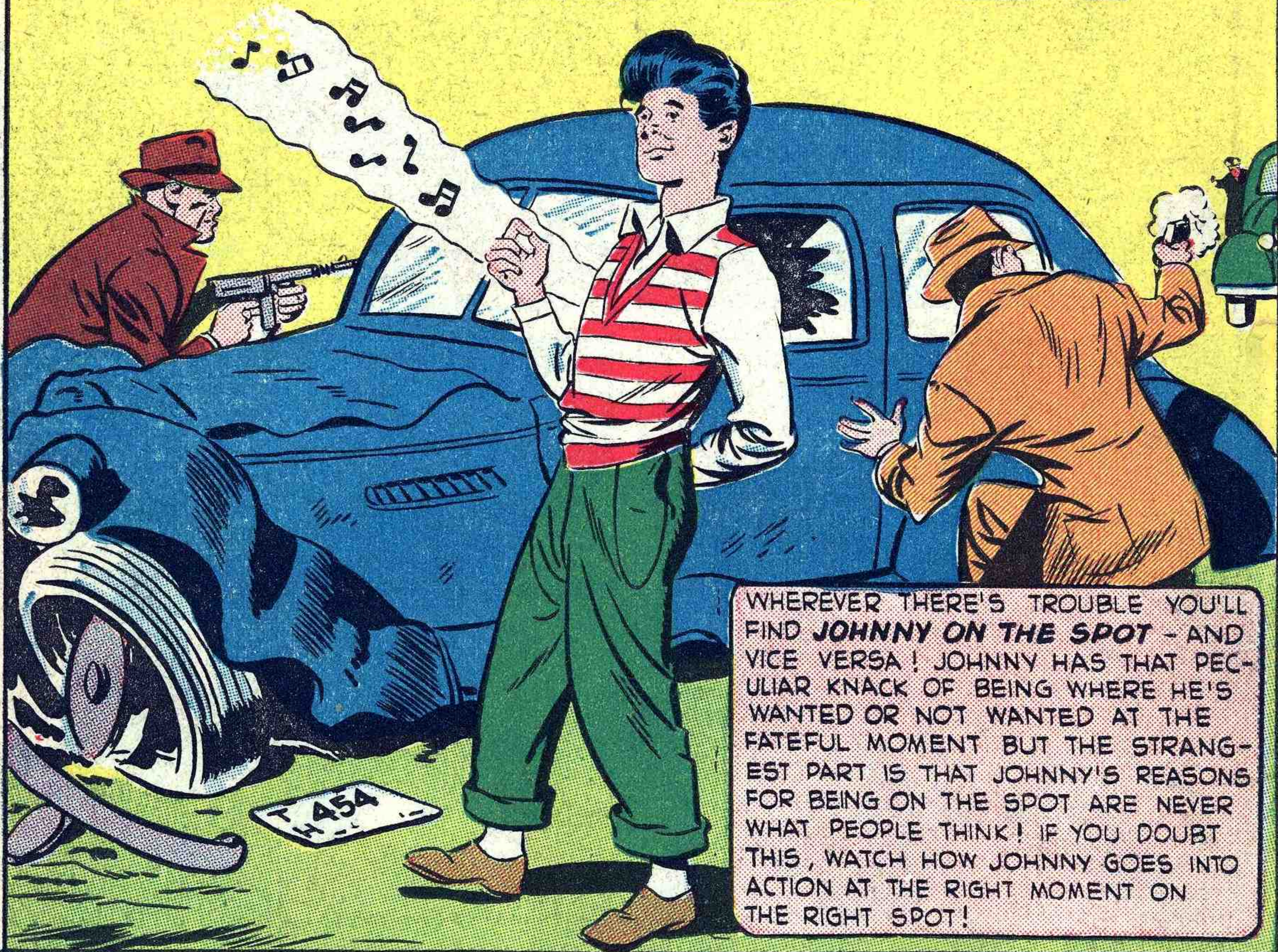
STILL OUT! I MUST'VE GIVEN THE BOUNCER A STIFFER SOCK. CALL THE POLICE, COLONEL



I PHONED THE COPS AND HERE THEY COME NOW. SAY, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US, ARE YOU, ROCKETMAN?

YES, COLONEL BUT WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW NIGHT FOR RIDES ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AND FERRIS WHEEL!

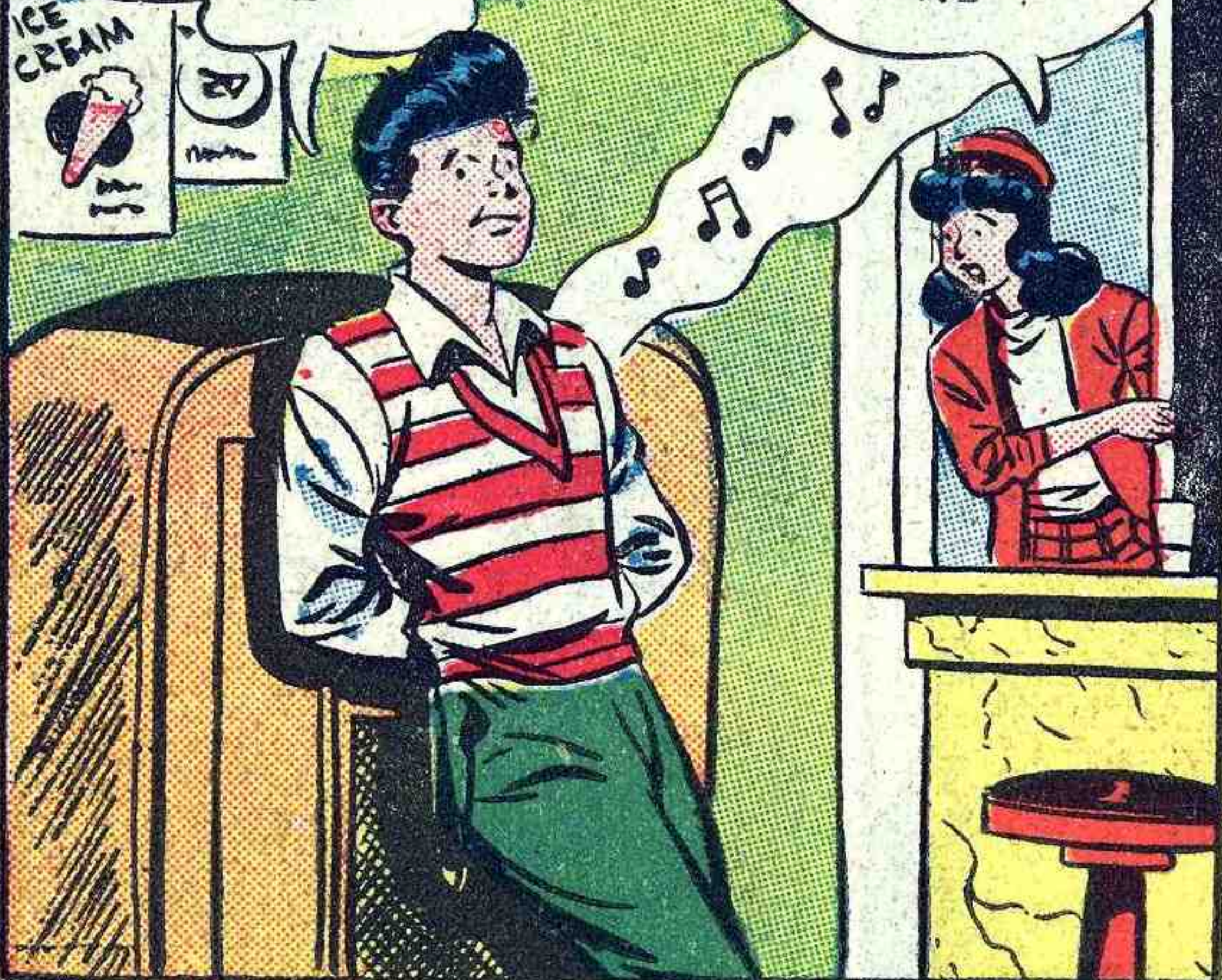
JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



WHEREVER THERE'S TROUBLE YOU'LL FIND **JOHNNY ON THE SPOT** - AND VICE VERSA! JOHNNY HAS THAT PECULIAR KNACK OF BEING WHERE HE'S WANTED OR NOT WANTED AT THE FATEFUL MOMENT BUT THE STRANGEST PART IS THAT JOHNNY'S REASONS FOR BEING ON THE SPOT ARE NEVER WHAT PEOPLE THINK! IF YOU DOUBT THIS, WATCH HOW JOHNNY GOES INTO ACTION AT THE RIGHT MOMENT ON THE RIGHT SPOT!

MAN! I'VE GOT TO GET ME THAT PLATTER. WHAT AN ARRANGEMENT!

JOHNNY!
THE LUMBER-YARD'S ON FIRE!



JOHNNY - YOU'RE A VOLUNTEER FIRE-MAN! YOU'VE GOT TO BE ON THE SPOT!

G'WAY, BIRCHIE. MY SOUL'S AFLAME. WOODY'S WOODWIND REALLY WOWS ME





HUH? WHAT DID BIRCHIE SAY? THE LUMBER YARD?



POP HANDY - THE NIGHT WATCHMAN - IS TRAPPED IN THERE!

HEY! WHERE'S JOHNNY JENKINS?



OH, ISN'T IT AWFUL, GLORIA!

DEVASTATING, MY DEAR. AND WHERE'S YOUR HERO - THE GREAT MR. JENKINS?



QUITE A CONFLAGRATION, BUT THE FLAMES HAVEN'T REACHED THE CABINET SHOP YET!



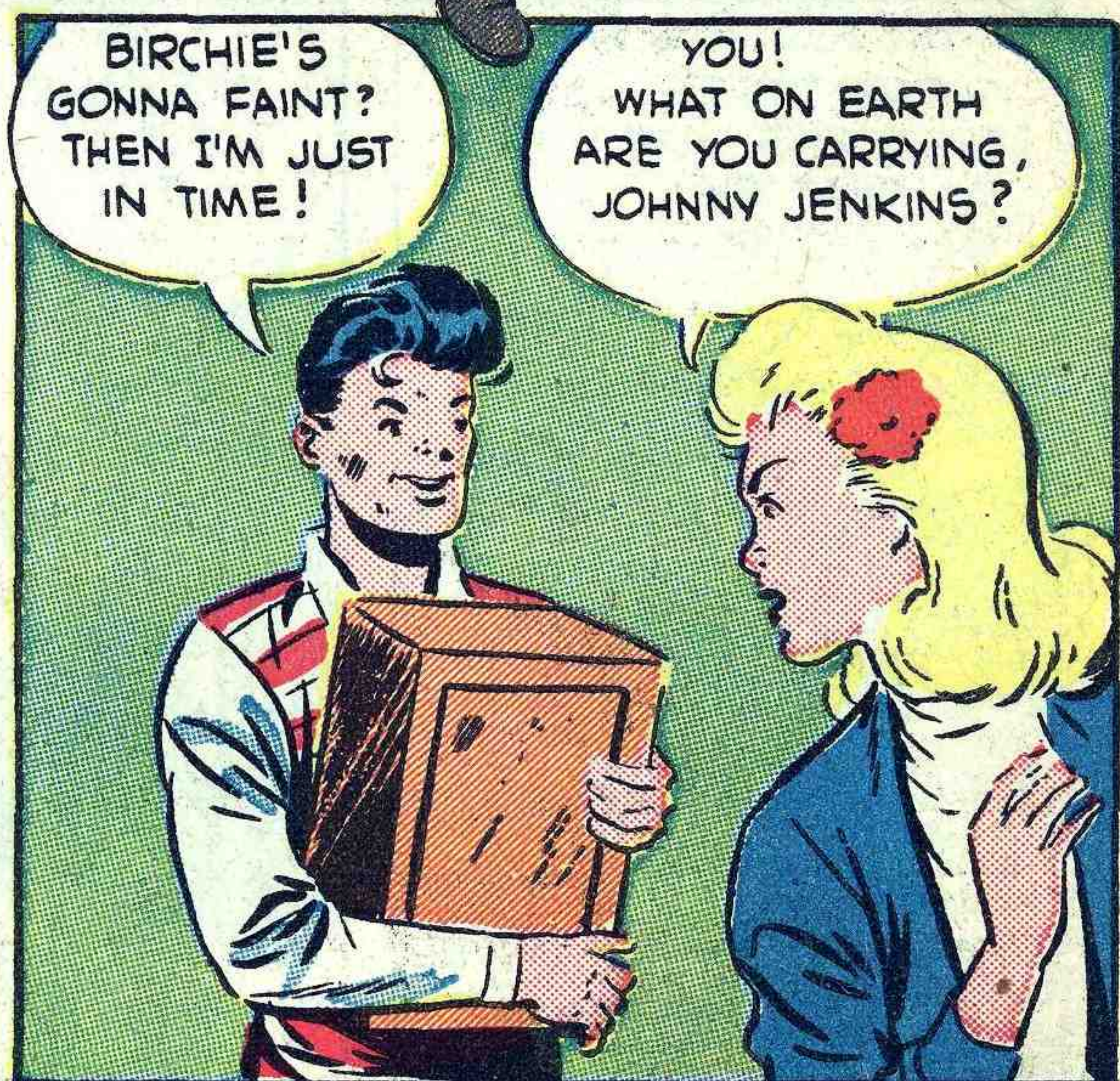
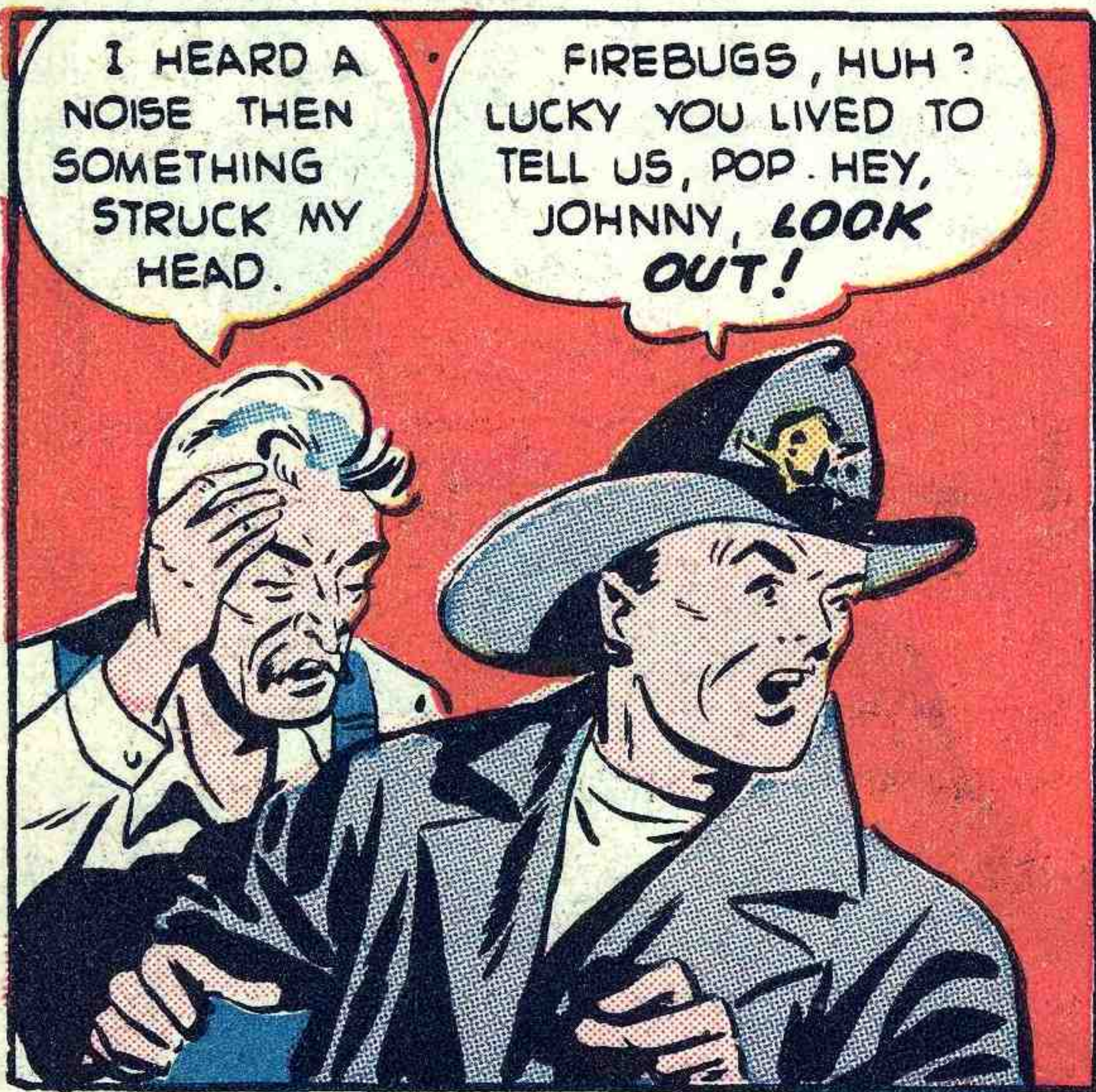
YASSUR, COLONEL - WHERE DERE'S SMOKE DERE'S FIRE - OR I'M A GREAT BIG LIAR. WHOOPS -



AH, TREASURE! I FOUND IT!



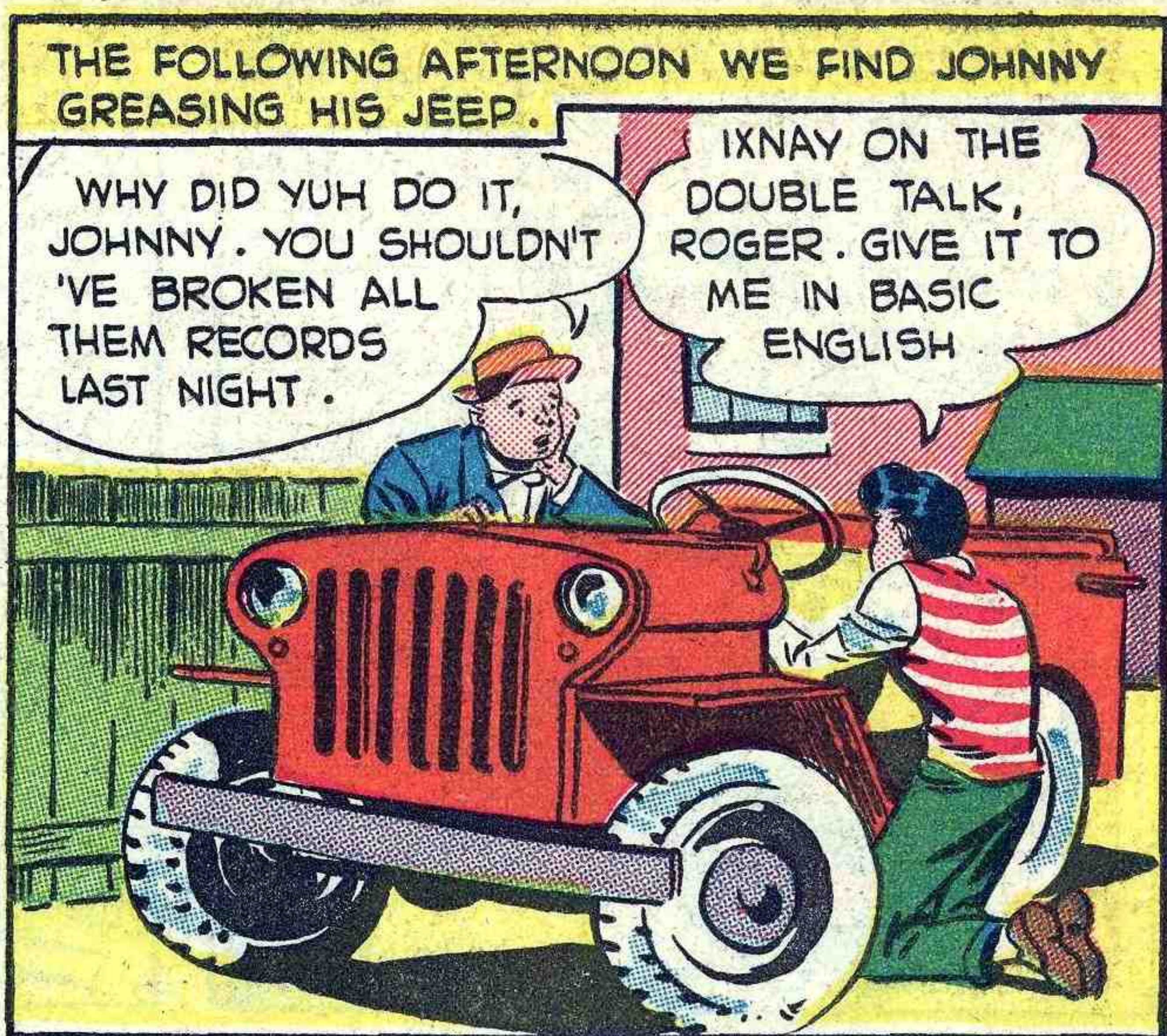
WHOA! HOLD YOUR HORSES, JENKINS! IT'S OLD POP HANDY THE WATCHMAN. DEAD OR ALIVE, I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT!





WHY, UH, A RECORD CABINET FOR BIRCHIE'S BIRTHDAY. I ORDERED IT FROM THE CABINET MAKER. WAS GONNA SURPRISE HER, BUT—

MISTER JENKINS, YOU **DID** SURPRISE HER!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON WE FIND JOHNNY GREASING HIS JEEP.

WHY DID YUH DO IT, JOHNNY. YOU SHOULDN'T 'VE BROKEN ALL THEM RECORDS LAST NIGHT.

IXNAY ON THE DOUBLE TALK, ROGER. GIVE IT TO ME IN BASIC ENGLISH.



DOWN AT THE COKE CASTLE THEY'RE SAYING YOU HAD A TIFF WITH YOUR LASSIE AND BROKE ALL YOUR JIVE RECORDS.

YOU'VE GOT THE MUSIC BUT NOT THE WORDS, ROGER. I BROKE ALL THE RECORDS FOR THE 100 YARD DASH — GETTING AWAY FROM THAT FILLY!



FORGIVE ME, FELLA. I WENT OFF THE BEAM. LAST NIGHT. YOU SHOULDN'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT EVER AGAIN.

BIRCHIE! A MAN CAN'T GET ANY PEACE EVEN IN THIS OWN BACK YARD

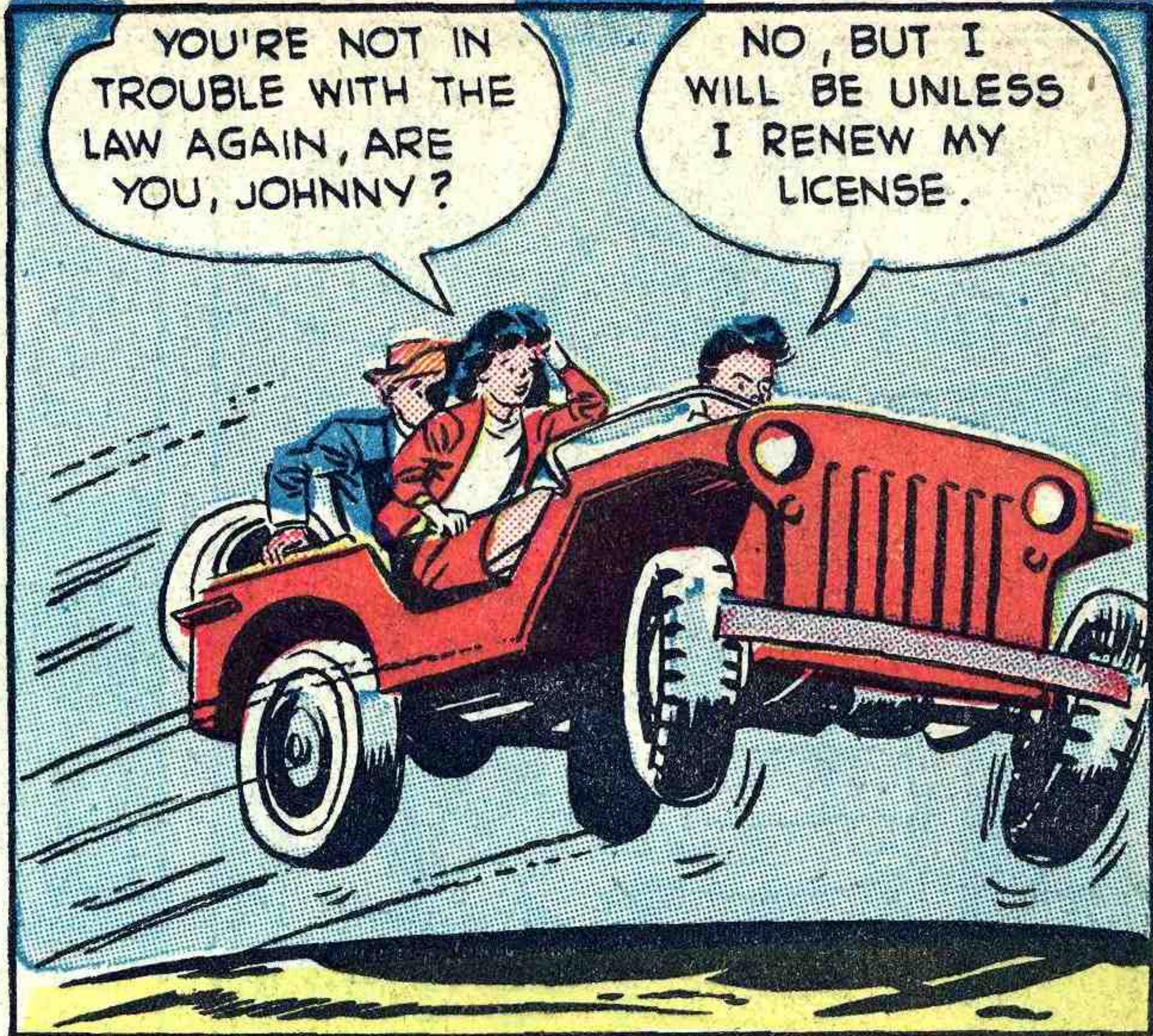


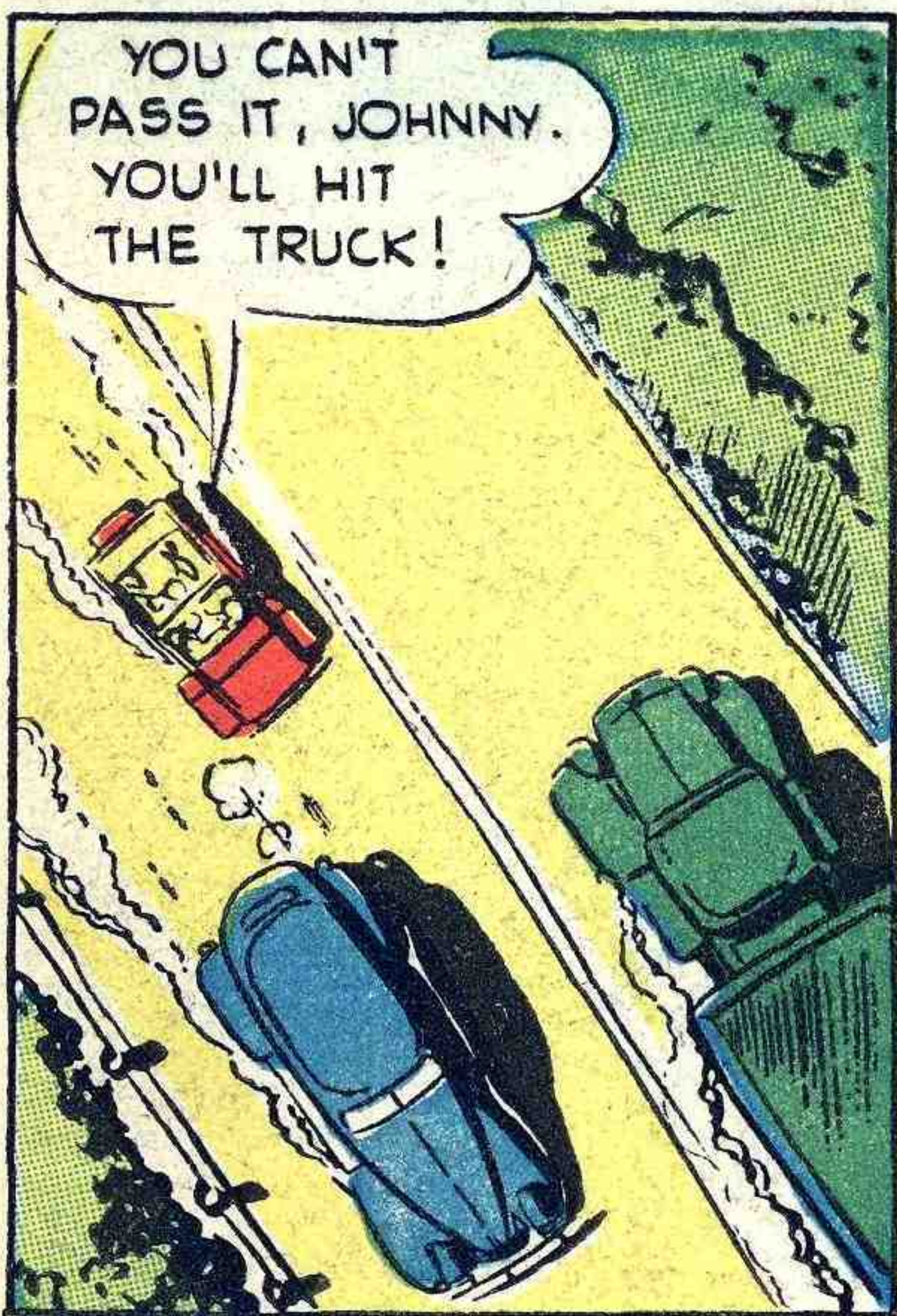
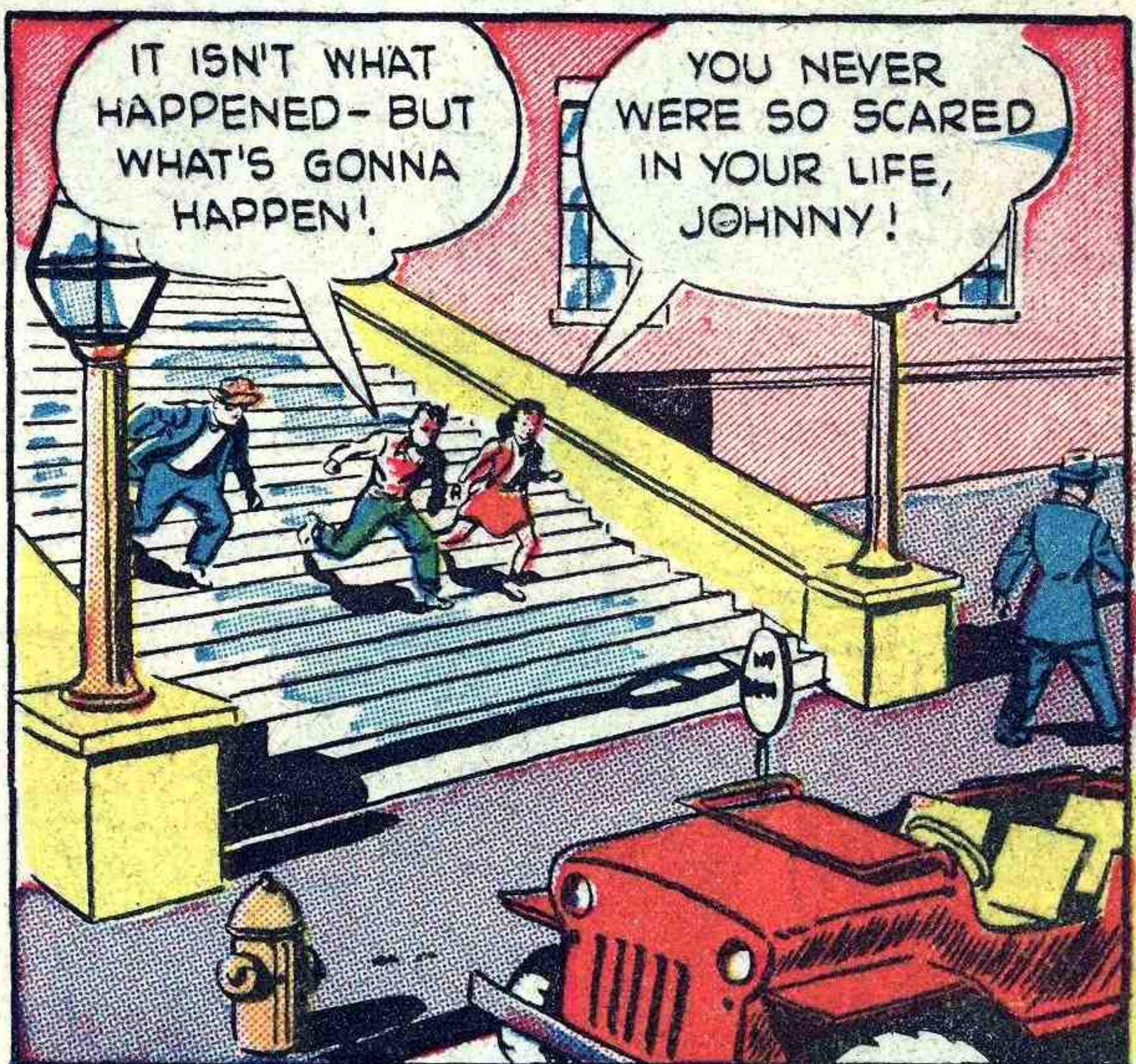
YOU WON'T SLEEP NIGHTS WHEN YOU HEAR THE NEWS ABOUT THE LUMBER YARD FIRE, MISTER J!

OKAY, BIRCH BARK. GIVE OUT WITH THE LOCAL GOSSIP.



POP HANDY WAS BOPPED BEFORE THE FIRE WAS SET POLICE ARE QUIZZING MIKE THURMAN, THE BIG CONTRACTOR. HE OWNS THE ONLY OTHER LUMBER YARD IN TOWN AND..

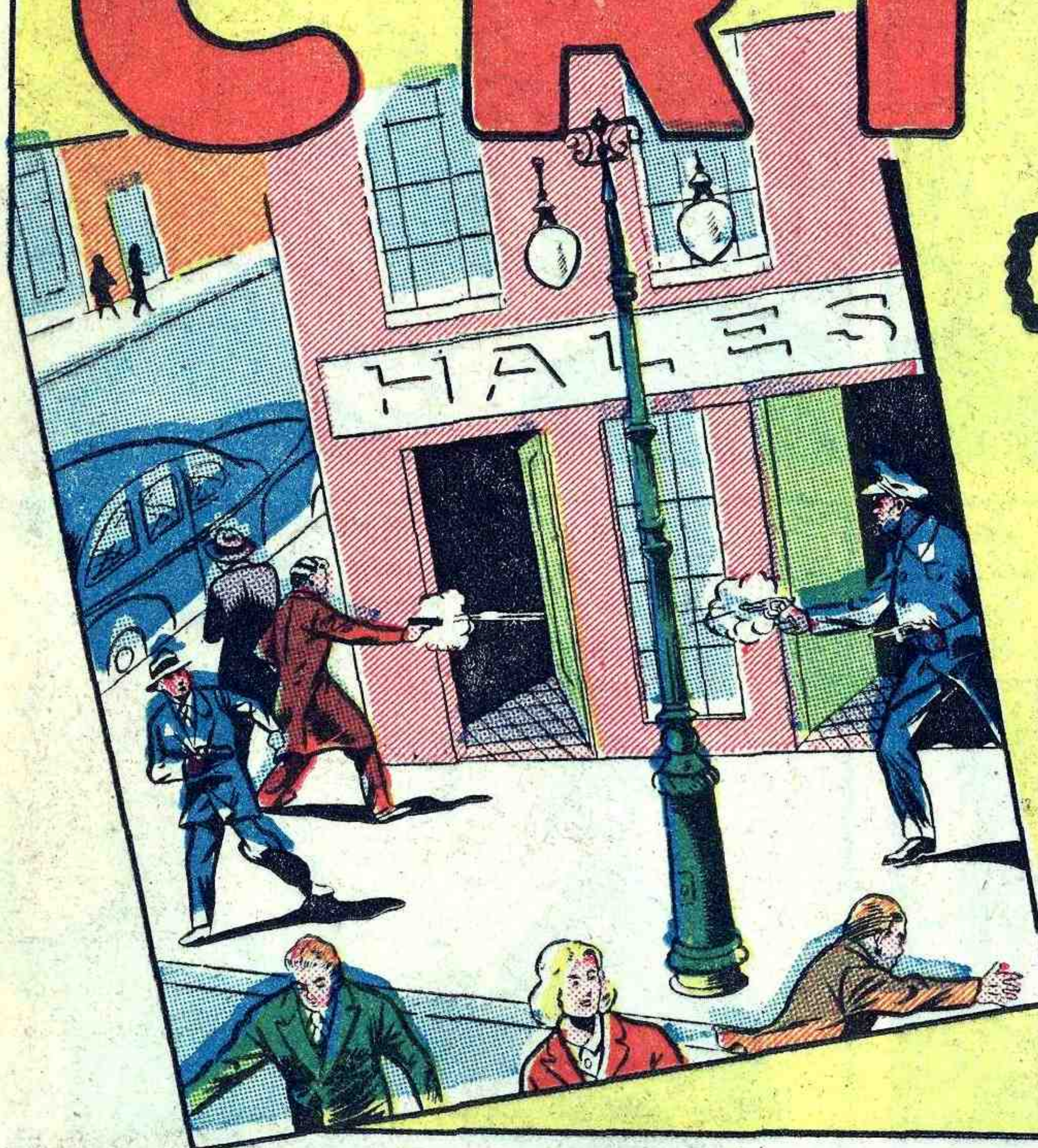






CRIME

ON THE RUN

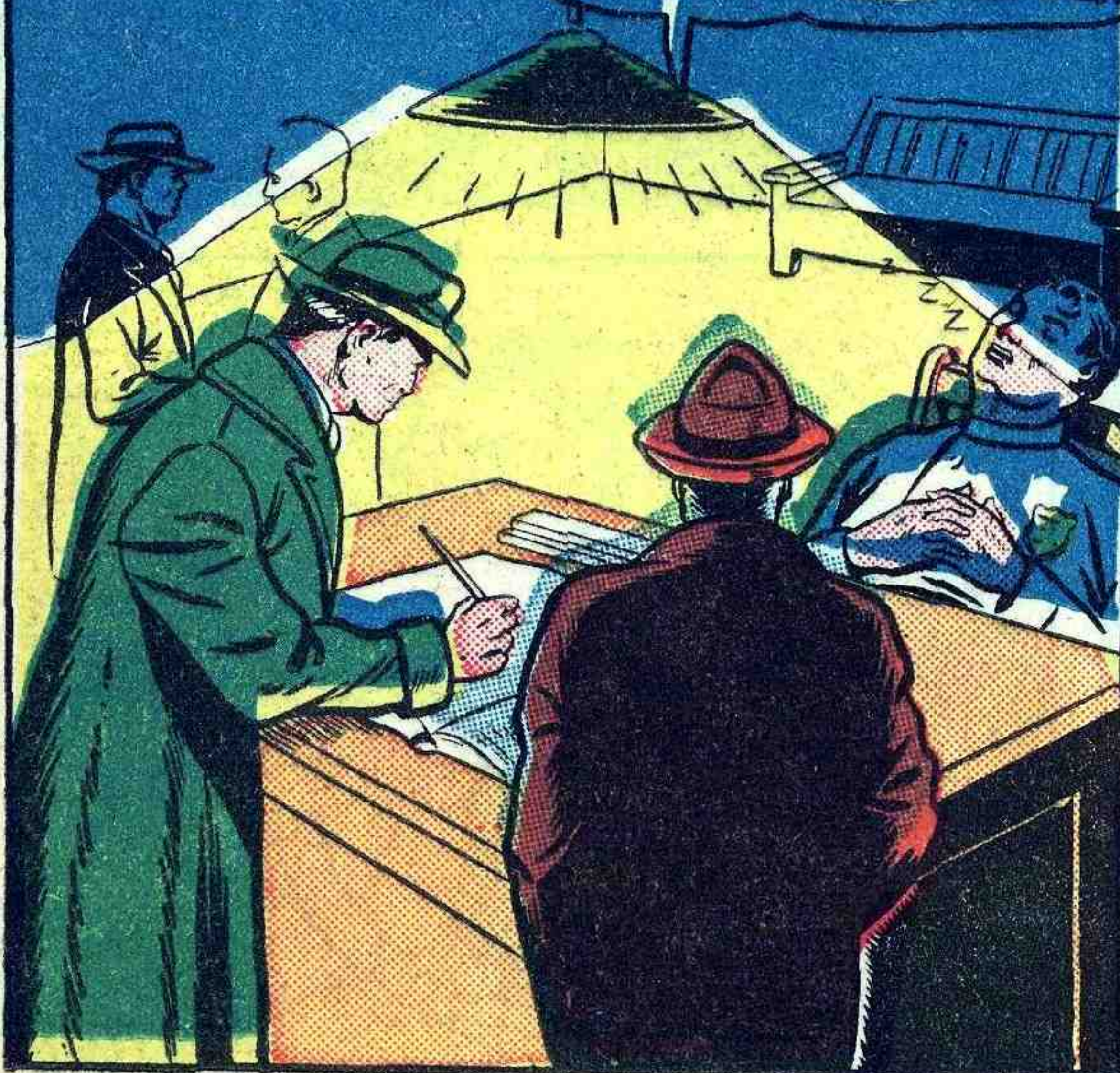


DECEMBER 21, 1941. THE HALE DEPARTMENT STORE SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA, IS ROBBED OF \$25,000. CAPTAIN JACK DONAHUE, LOS ANGELES ROBBERY SQUAD BELIEVES THE CROOKS ARE CONVICTS ON PAROLE. "BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR CRIMINALS RECENTLY LET OUT OF PRISON," HE TELLS HIS MEN.

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANTS LEE BUNCH AND EDDIE MANSFIELD, CLOSE FRIENDS, SIGN OUT. THEIR DETAILS FOR THE NIGHT FINISHED. TIME: 2 AM, MARCH 8, 1942. PLACE: POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CITY HALL, LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA.

IT'S BEEN A SLOW NIGHT, LEE.

YEAH, BUT I'M GOING OUT TO CHECK THE TWIN PALMS CAFE FOR PAROLED CRIMINALS.



HA-HA, AND A GAME OF POKER FOR YOUR SELF, LEE.

COULD BE, EDDIE. BUT SOME CROOKS LIKE POKER, TOO.

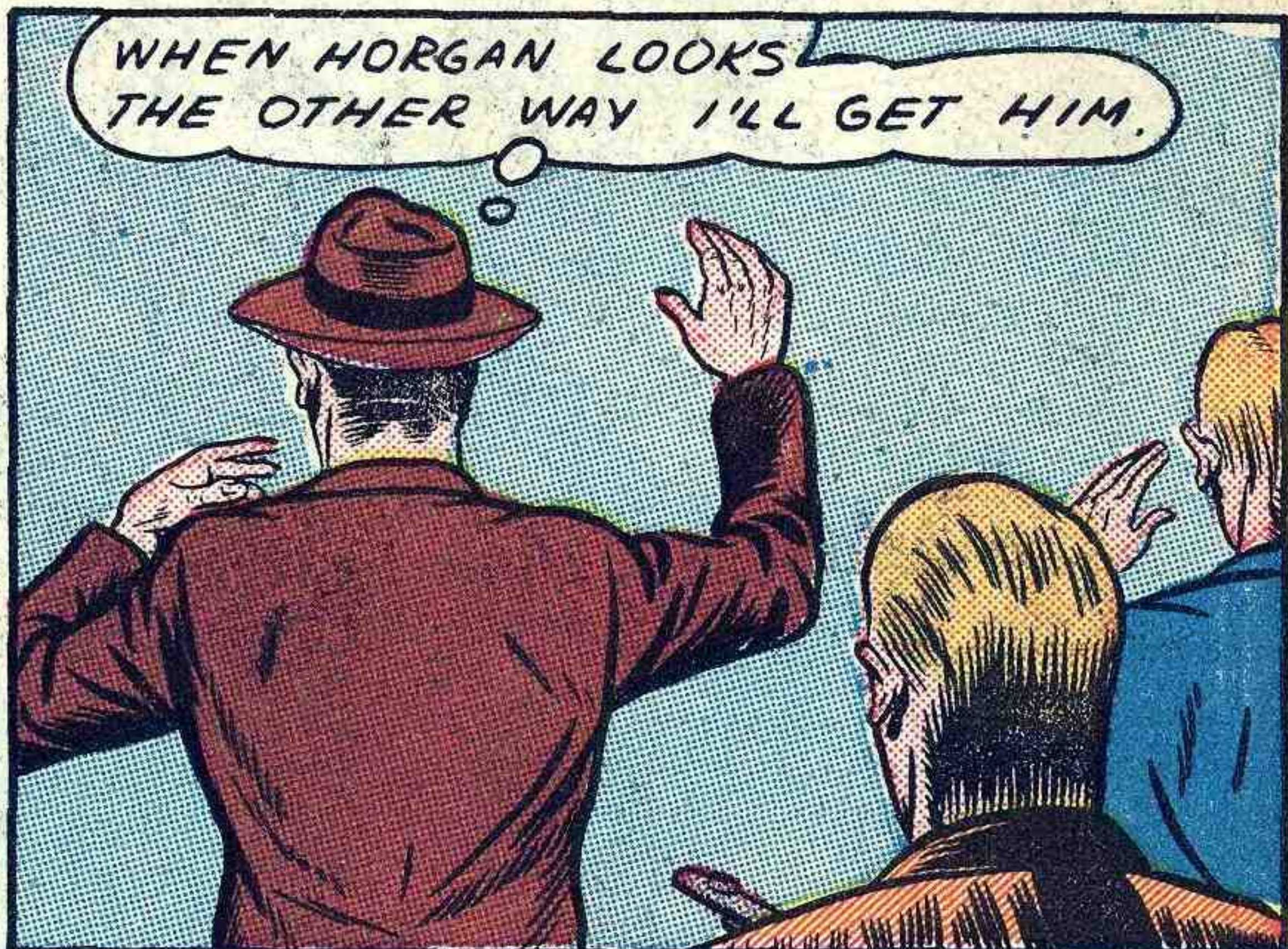


A HALF HOUR LATER AT THE TWIN PALMS CAFE LEE BUNCH MEETS DANNY PRICE, A FRIEND.

HI, LEE. GRAB A CHAIR AND SIT IN.

OKAY, DANNY GUESS I WILL.





LYLE GILBERT SWIFTLY FRISKS THE VICTIMS.

GIVE ME BACK MY WALLET. I'VE GOT VALUABLE PAPERS

SHUT UP YOU!

AS HORGAN GREEDILY WATCHES GILBERT HIS GUN STRAYS FROM LEE BUNCH'S BACK.

HERE'S MY CHANCE!

UH? WHY YOU DIRTY-

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, HORGAN.

FROM THE DOOR DROOP-EYE FIRES AT RUSTY SMITH WHILE GILBERT SHOTS IT OUT WITH DETECTIVE BUNCH.

I'VE GOT THE DOUGH. LET'S SCRAM, GIL!

OKAY, DROOPY.

GILBERT DIVES OUTSIDE, WHIRLS TO CATCH THE LAWMAN OFF GUARD.

NOW!

WHERE'D HE GET YOU, RUSTY? IN THE CHEST?

TRY AGAIN, GILBERT!

NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!

BUT DETECTIVE BUNCH DOES NOT SEE THE WOUNDED "MOON" HORGAN.

HE GOT GILBERT BUT I'LL FIX HIM!

HOW DOES THIS FEEL, COPPER!

YOU GOT HIM, MOON! NOW'S OUR CHANCE. LET'S GO!

YEAH, GILBERT I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

RUSTY SMITH THE WOUNDED PROPRIETOR STAGGERS TO THE DESK...

GIVE IT TO 'EM, RUSTY!

YES! THEY DIDN'T FIND MY GUN DANNY!

TOO LATE! THEY GOT AWAY!

CAPTAIN JACK DONAHUE AND LIEUTENANT EDDIE MANSFIELD RUSH FROM HEADQUARTERS TO THE TWIN PALMS CAFE...

LOOK EDDIE! LEE BUNCH WAS SHOT!

HE'S DEAD, CAPTAIN! LEE WAS A SWELL GUY! WE'LL TRACK THIS KILLER TO THE END OF THE EARTH!

COMB THE CITY, MEN! I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU BY RADIO

RIGHT, CAP'N!

WE'VE A COUPLE OF PATIENTS FOR YOU DOC!

A HUNTING ACCIDENT.

AL TARBELL M.D.

MEANWHILE A NEARBY PHYSICIAN HAS TWO CALLERS...

GUNSHOT WOUNDS? I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE

NEVER MIND DOC. WE'LL GET SOMEONE ELSE!

CALLING ALL CARS! WATCH FOR MAN AND BLONDE SEEKING MEDICAL AID LAST SEEN AT-

SUSPICIOUS THE PHYSICIAN PHONES CAPT. DONAHUE'S OFFICE WHERE AN ALARM IS BROADCAST.

AN HOUR LATER TWO DETECTIVES BRING IN THE SUSPECTS.

CAUGHT 'EM BUT TWO TRYING ANOTHER DOCTOR GUYS WAITING IN A CAR ESCAPED, CAP'N!

BAT STEIN AND PEARL JOYCE-- DROOP-EYE'S PALS. HOLD 'EM FOR QUESTIONING!

WE AIN'T TALKIN' DONAHUE!

STEIN HASN'T ANYTHING ON HIM. THOSE NAMES AND ADDRESSES WON'T HELP YOU COPPER!

ONE TEN WEST FORTY EIGHTH. LOOKS LIKE A NEW ENTRY, WE'LL GO THERE!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN!

Joe Mole
#9 Western Blvd
Phone PO 6-6211
110W 48th St.
Pete Roland
15th St

CAPT. DONAHUE'S SQUAD RUSHES TO THE ADDRESS.

GRAB THAT GUY IN THE PARKED CAR, MANSFIELD!

SURE, I HAVE A ROOM IN THAT HOUSE BUT I DON'T KNOW A DAME NAMED PEARL.

OKAY! GIVE ME YOUR ROOM KEY.

WITH THE KEY DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT MANSFIELD LEADS THE OTHERS INSIDE.

LOOK, CAP'N! A LIGHT FROM UNDER THAT DOOR.

COPS!

MOON HORGAN AND LYLE GILBERT REACH FOR THE CEILING!

DROOPEYE REACHES AS MANSFIELD SWAPS SHOTS WITH GILBERT...

YOU'LL DROP IT NOW, WISE-GUY!

OW!

OKAY, MEN. I'VE GOT DROOPEYE. CALL AN AMBULANCE MANSFIELD.

RIGHT AWAY, CAPTAIN!

DON'T LIE TO ME, LOVELACE. WHO'S THE GENT OUTSIDE IN THE CAR?

MAX GILBERT- LYLE'S BROTHER. HE DROVE US AROUND.

DON'T PUT THEM CUFFS ON ME! I'M WAITING FOR A PAL!

YOU'LL MEET HIM IN THE CLINK! COME ON MAX!

RUSHING OUTSIDE, CAPTAIN DONAHUE STALLS AN ESCAPE...

MOON HORGAN DIES IN PRISON WARD 110 GENERAL HOSPITAL OF WOUNDS FROM LEE BUNCH'S GUN.

DON'T LET ME DIE, NURSE I'M AFRAID!

I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE GAS CHAMBER THE WEEK OF...

NO JUDGE MCKAY! YOU CANT!

DROOPEYE AND THE GILBERT BROTHERS VAINLY PLEAD INNOCENT.

AND LYLE GILBERT- HE FAINTED YOUR HONOR! I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE-

MAX GILBERT- I SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

THIS SQUARES THE SCORE FOR DETECTIVE LEE BUNCH- BUT IT DOESN'T BRING HIM BACK!

MOCK MURDER

Heroism makes a strange disguise for homicide.

Bill Stack held the deposit in his hand and said to the chief of police, "Gosh, Chief, am I always gonna have to do this kind of work?"

The chief looked up and grunted from his desk. "You make a very good police clerk, Bill. I haven't any idea what kind of a detective you'd make."

Bill was still beefing to himself when he stepped to the teller's cage in the Urbania National Bank and slipped the deposit through the bars. Horace Quinn, the teller, took the pass book and began making an entry, when an even, drawling voice said behind Bill, "Get your hands up, everybody. This is a stick-up."

Bill swung about, cursed under his breath that he had no gun and took his place along the wall with the half dozen other bank customers. There were two masked men. One held a sub-machine gun braced at his shoulder, while the other stepped to the cage with leveled automatic. "Pass it out!" the thug said to Quinn.

All at once Bill Stack's eyes widened in their sockets. Quinn, behind the cage, had come up from his drawer with a blue steel revolver. Crack! Crack! The two shots flashed and the thug seemed to hang in the air for a moment then sank to the floor. Quinn was standing white, like a man transfixed. Bill Stack rushed to him. "Quick," he said snatching the gun from Quinn's hands.

Stack drew a careful bead on the other thug who was near the door and fired. The retreating thug swept the bank with a volley from the machine gun, then disappeared out the door.

Customers began crawling from under the counters in the center of the floor. Bill Stack went to the front and locked the revolving door.

"No one leaves," he ordered, "until I get your names and addresses."

He phoned headquarters, then went back toward the figure lying on the floor. Officers of the bank and other clerks were in Quinn's cage shaking his hand, offering congratulations. "Nice work, Quinn," Stack said.

Quinn smiled faintly. "Do you mind returning my gun?" he asked.

Stack shook his head. "Got to keep it for evidence. Strictly routine." He knelt down, removed the mask. Bankers and customers huddled over him. "It's one of the Mugg brothers," Bill observed aloud. "Never thought they were crooked—just stupid."

Oliver Parin, president of the bank, stroked his chin. "Their mortgage comes due in a few

days. Their farm wasn't doing too well."

"I'd like to go home," Quinn cut in. "I feel weak, Mr. Parin."

Hennessy came from headquarters, and Bill let him in. "Mugg's brother is still on the lam," Hennessy said. "There's a dragnet out for him."

"I'll go on to headquarters and report," Bill told the other officer.

Dusk and a drizzle of rain were settling down for the night when Bill left the bank. He crossed the street and passed a narrow alley between buildings. As he passed a movement in the half light caught his attention. He stopped, drawing Quinn's gun from his pocket. He stepped into the alley. A shot flashed from behind a jog in the wall. Bill answered, but the other stayed there firing. Bill ducked to the ground until he heard the click of a gun hammer striking an empty chamber. He rose slowly to his feet, followed retreating footsteps, lost them in a maze of backyards.

He opened the breach of his own revolver, cursed under his breath. Climbing to the top of the fence he saw a gray figure heading for the freight yards a block away. He sprang to the ground, ran toward a freight just rolling out.

In the shadows he made a desperate flying tackle. He and the gray figure rolled in the cinders. A pocket knife gleamed in the fugitive's hand, but before he could stab upward, Bill drove hard rights and lefts to his face.

"Okay, Quinn," Bill said. "You might as well quit."

"I was losing out on the cashier's job," Quinn gasped. "I planned the mock holdup with the Mugg brothers to win back the boss' favor. But I couldn't pay what the Mugg brothers demanded, so I put a real slug in place of one of the blanks in my gun. I figured the other brother wouldn't dare squeal. When you kept the gun I knew you'd find blanks. I hung around to try to get a shot at you, figuring they'd blame the one who escaped."

Later at police headquarters the chief asked Bill: "How did you know it was Quinn?"

"I didn't till we fought it out," Bill admitted. "But I kept wondering how at close range he fired two shots and made only one hole in the victim."

"Guess we'll be breaking in a new clerk," the chief mused. "You were coming along okay, too."

THE

Gay DESPERADO

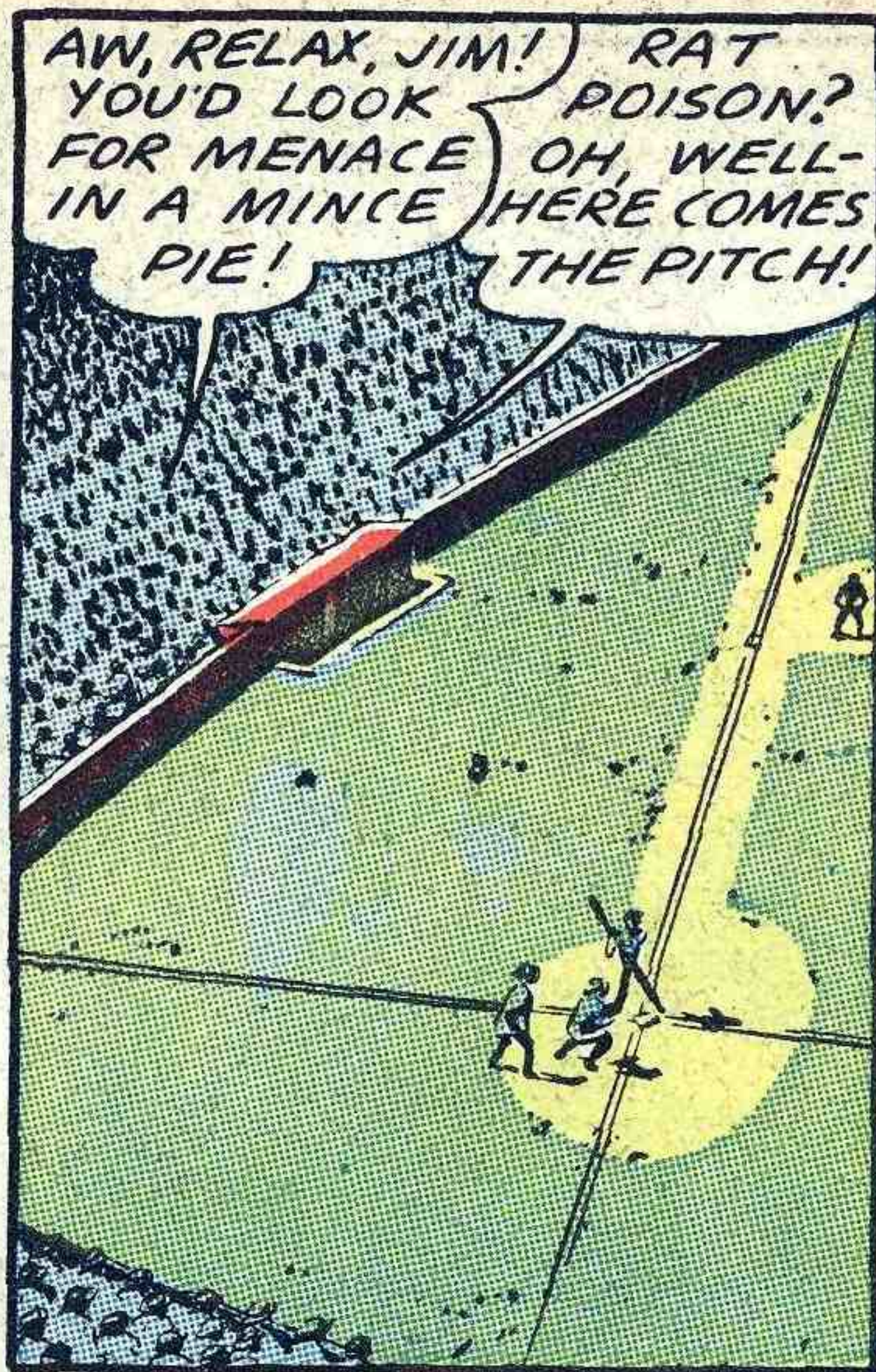


A FOOL-PROOF FRAME UP BY UNKNOWN FOES CAUSED JIM COLLINS TO DODGE THE LAW IN DISGUISE AS THE GAY DESPERADO. FEARED BY THE UNDERWORLD, HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THIS LASH-FISTED FUGITIVE HAS TWO STRIKES AGAINST HIM BUT PLENTY ON THE BALL.. WHEN THE GAME CALLS FOR BULLETS AND THE UMPIRE'S NAME IS DEATH!

THIS OPENING GAME IS A WHIZ, JIM. SLUGGER SPANE COMING TO BAT!

YOU SAID IT, DATSY! LAST OF THE EIGHTH AND BASES FULL!







GRAB HIS GAT AND BLAST THE GOON LEAPIN' FOR THE CAR OUT THERE!

JUST A JIFFY, PATSY!



WILBUR MUST'VE CAUGHT A SLUG FROM THE CASHIER, EH, FRISCO?

YEAH-SOME GUY'S EMPTYING A ROD AT US. STEP ON IT!



MISSED 'EM! THEY'VE GOT RABBIT JUICE IN THAT JALOPY!



ILL LEAVE THIS WITH THE SLEEPING BEAUTY!

COPS! RUN TO THE REAR!



THEY HIT THE ROAD FAST! RECOGNIZE HIM?

YES. WILBUR MEGG. WONDER WHAT QUEERED HIS GETAWAY!



TWO GUYS GRABBED THE LOOT FROM HIM AND BEAT IT UNDER THE GRAND STAND!

DARK IN THERE. I CAN'T SEE -



THE COAST'S CLEAR!

BEAT IT HOME, PATSY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CAUGHT WITH ME.



AN HOUR LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

I CHECKED THE PRINTS ON THE GUN, CHIEF. THEY'RE JIM COLLINS!

SAME GUY WHO STUCK UP THE CITY TRUST SIX MONTHS AGO. BRING UP MEGG!



SPILL IT, MEGGI!
JIM COLLINS WAS
IN ON THAT JOB,
WITH YOU, WASN'T
HE?

NAW, SARGE -
HONEST! IT WAS
THE GAY DESPERADO.
I WASN'T MIXED
UP IN IT!



H'MM! MAYBE
COLLINS REALLY
IS THE GAY
DESPERADO!

HEADQUARTERS
CALLING ALL CARS!
BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR JIM COLLINS, SIX
FOOT ONE, ONE
EIGHTY POUNDS, BLUE
EYES, DARK HAIR
WANTED FOR
HOLDUP AND MURDER..



--- COLLINS IS
BELIEVED TO
BE DISGUISED
AS GAY
DESPERADO
APPROACH WITH
CAUTION. THIS
MAN IS
DANGEROUS
THAT IS ALL.

HOLY
CATS!
I BETTER
TIP OFF
JIM -
QUICK!



GIVE HER THE
HIGH OCTANE,
JIM! THE
BULLS ARE
BROADCASTING
A "WANTED"
ON YOU!

HOP
ABOARD,
PATSY!



WHAT'S
COOKIN'
BOSS?
SOMETHIN'
HOT?

RIGHT!
MULLIGAN STEW
AT THE HOBO
JUNGLE OUT
BY THE RAILROAD
FREIGHT YARDS.



I REMEMBERED A
COUPLE OF MEGG'S
CRONIES "CASH -
BOX" QUINN AND
FRISCO SCHEFF

EX-HOBOES,
HUH? YOU
FIGURE THEY'LL
RIDE THE
RODS OUTTA
TOWN?



HEY! WHO DEM
JOHNNIES
COMIN' DOWN
THE BANK?

THE GAY DESPERADD!
DIVE FOR COVER,
CASH-BOX, BEFORE
YUH START
SHOOTING!



YOU SEEN CASH-BOX QUINN AND FRISCO SCHEFF AROUND HERE, FELLA? OH - NOT TALKING, HUH?

LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE A COUPLE OF GUYS SCRAMBLING UP THE EMBANKMENT!



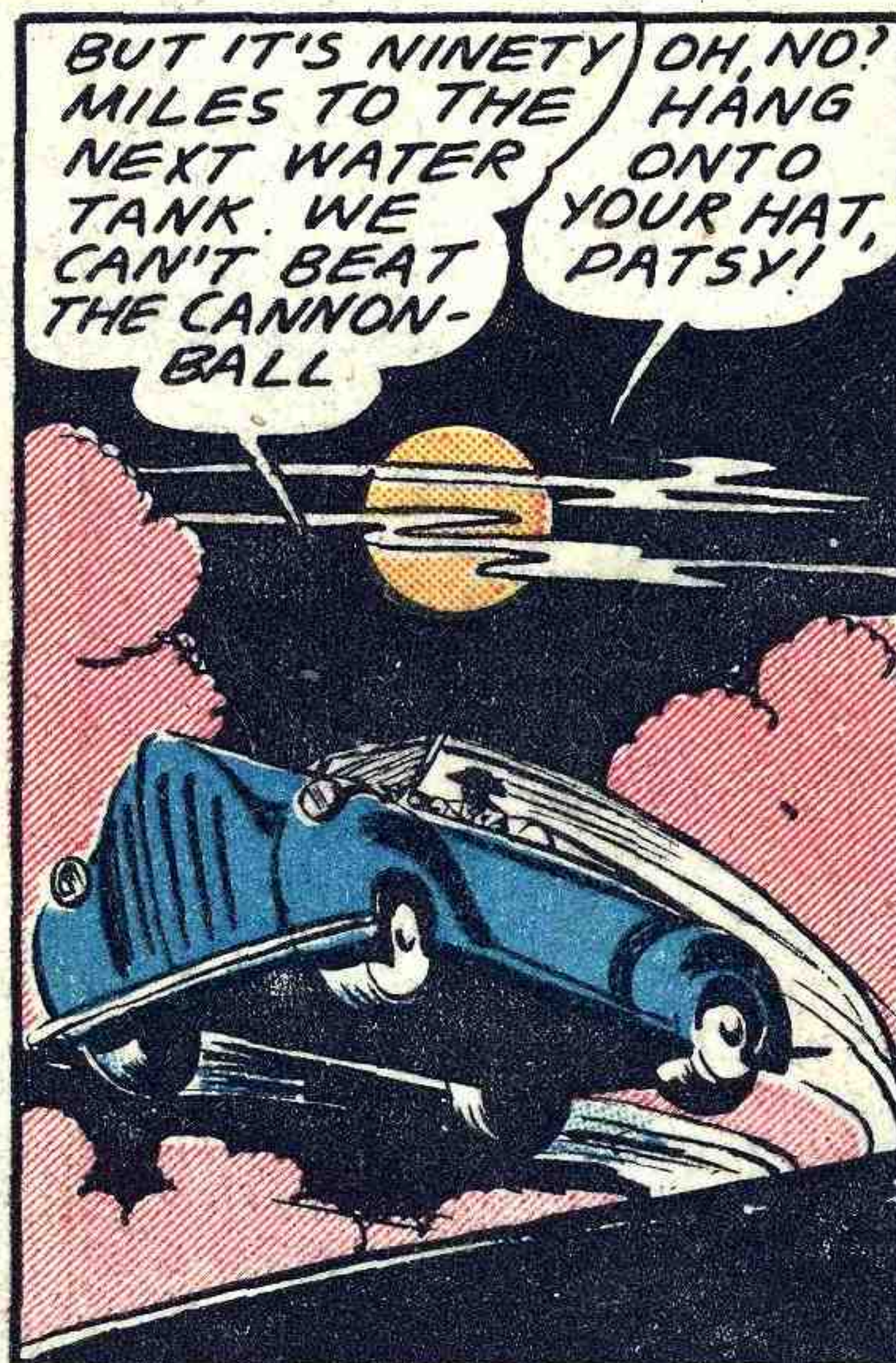
THIS IS THE CANNON BALL. WE CAN TAKE OFF AT WICHITA.

YEAH - LUCKY I DIDN'T BURY THIS HERE CASH BOX FOR GAY DESPERADO TO DIG UP ON US!



THEY HOPPED IT AND NOW IT'S ROLLING TOO FAST!

ALMOST GOT ONE OF 'EM BACK TO THE CAR-QUICK!



BUT IT'S NINETY MILES TO THE NEXT WATER TANK. WE CAN'T BEAT THE CANNON-BALL

OH, NO? HANG ONTO YOUR HAT, PATSY!



WHEW! A HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN - STEADY!

WE'LL MAKE IT, BUT THE POLICE WILL BE AFTER US!



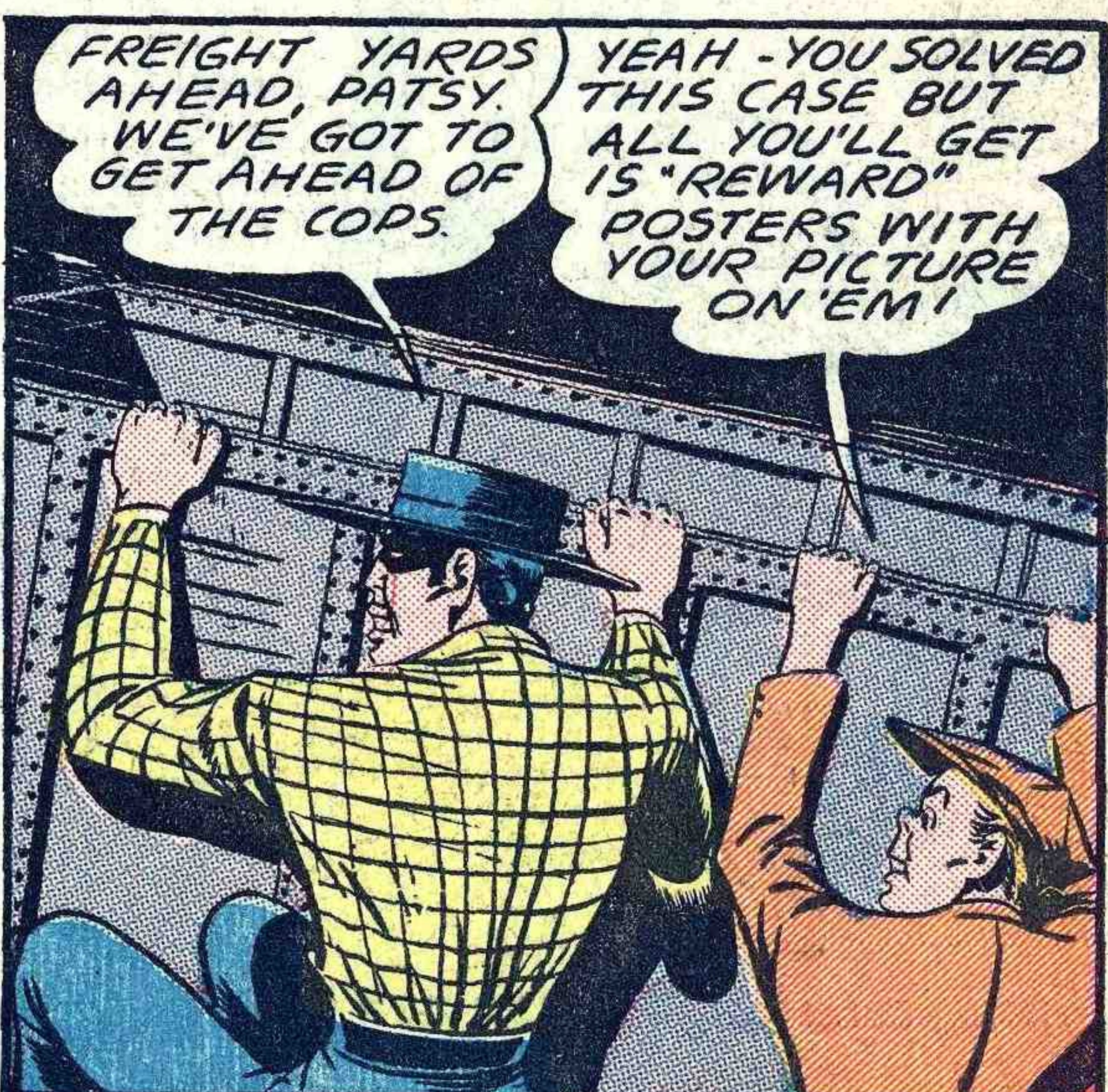
KEEP HER ROLLING, MAC. IF HE SLOWS DOWN OR STOPS, WE'LL BE RIGHT ON HIM!



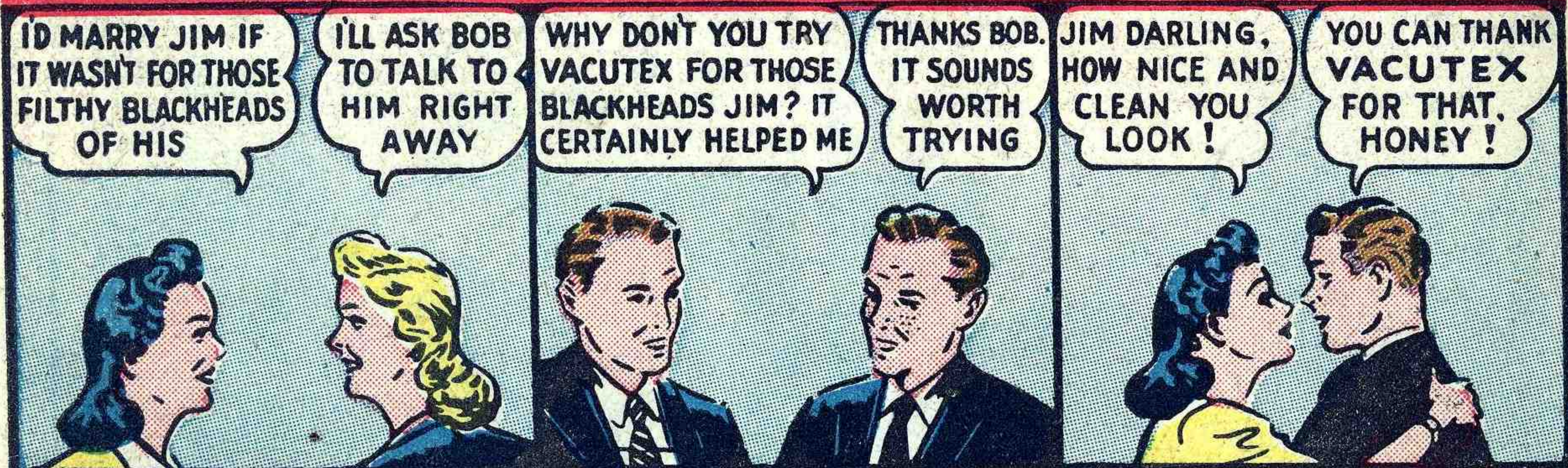
SHE'S STARTING TO PULL OUT, PATSY!

ACROSS THE TRACKS, AND WE'LL HOP IT!

AS THE FAST FREIGHT GAINS SPEED...



REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**

**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

BALLCO PRODS. CO, Dept. 3601, 19 West 44th St., N.Y. 18, N.Y.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 3601
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.**

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☒ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



\$1000.00
IN GRAND AWARDS
in addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY

SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS GET YOUR PRIZE!



Gene Autry HOLSTER SET

BOYS! Here's the Holster Set you've wanted. Big jewelled Cowboy Holster, with a "Texan-type" Pistol; leather belt, kerchief & lariat. **ALL GIVEN** for selling one order American Seeds.



Vanity Dresser Set

Full size, 5-piece Dresser Set. Brush and mirror with decorated plastic back. Given for selling only one order of American Seeds.



Sing it with Music!



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell one order.

BASKETBALL SET



Victory type basketball, with valve type bladder and steel frame basket with net. **ALL** for selling one order of American Seeds, plus 50c extra.



Boys! Softball's the popular game.

Here's the big

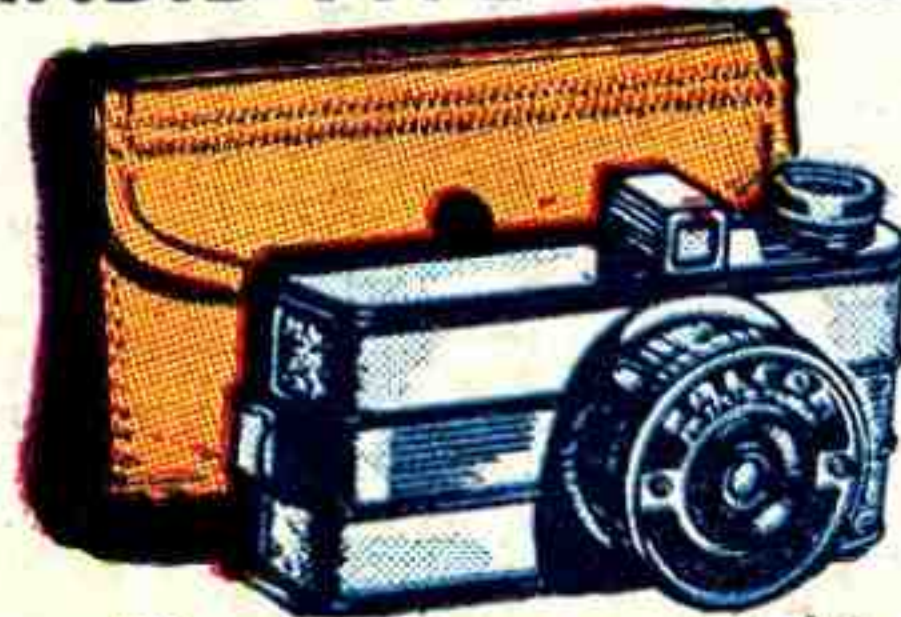
3 piece outfit for it. An official softball and a regulation bat—also a Big League type cap to give you that real "baseball player" look. All for selling one order.



STURDY AXE with leather sheath

BOYS! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in genuine leather sheath which can be attached to your belt. Sell only one order seeds.

CANDID-TYPE CAMERA



with carrying case. This fine camera takes T6 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell one order plus \$2.00 extra.



Purse and Compact Set

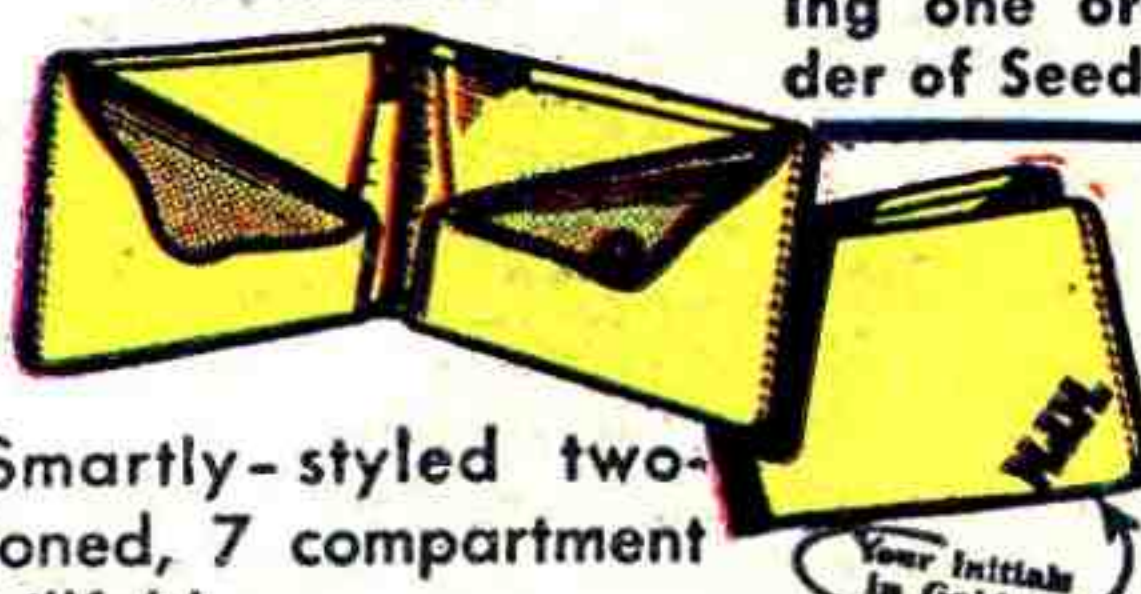
GIRLS! LADIES! Purse in Blue, Brown, Red, Green, has double metal frame, 2 compartments. Full size compact smartly decorated. **BOTH** for selling 1 order American Seeds.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



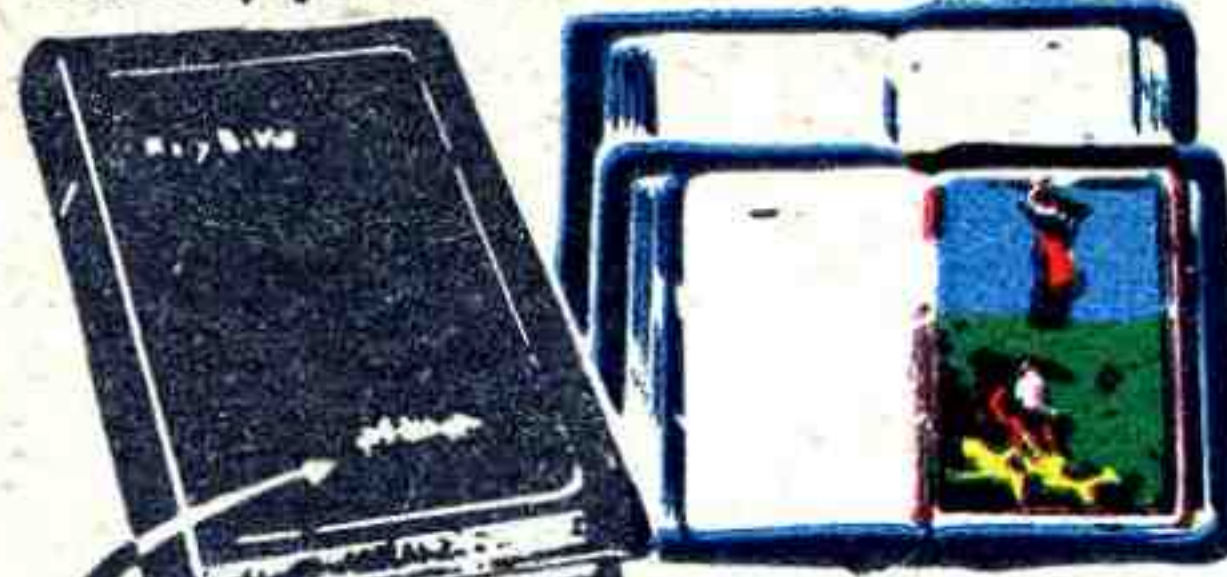
of real leather, imprinted with **YOUR NAME**. For men or boys.

"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET



Smartly-styled two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.

Either of these wallets for selling one order of Seed.



BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BIBLE

with your name in gold on the cover. Given for selling one order of Seeds.



COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order.



"EVERFEED" PEN & PENCIL SET

A really good pen, "one pull-it's full!" And pencil with year's supply of leads. Press the cap-lead is there! Complete for selling one order of American Seeds.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

as explained in our **BIG PRIZE BOOK**
PHONOGRAPH
GUITAR
FISHING KIT
COASTER WAGON
SCHOOL BAG
RAIDER MACHINE GUN
BOXING GLOVES
JEWELRY
FASHION DOLL
KNAPSACK
CAMP STOVE

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds. **OUR 27TH YEAR**

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 218, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC. Dept. 218
Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the **BIG PRIZE BOOK** and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize. My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R. F. D. Box
or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____